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The Week

GREAT BRITAIN'S surprise move in taking a bold stand in favor of oil sanctions against Italy this week made possible a major crisis arising from what had been forecast as a rather perfunctory meeting of the League Committee of Eighteen. Dispatches from Geneva quoted Foreign Minister Anthony Eden as saying his country was prepared to take the lead in imposing oil sanctions regardless of what the non-League countries of the world—meaning, chiefly, the United States—would do. The news stories said further that Eden had yielded to the plea of France's Foreign Minister Pierre-Etienne Flandin to make a final effort to get Mussolini to accept a peace that would be agreeable to the League and to Ethiopia. On Tuesday the Committee adjourned until March 10, leaving one week in which Italy can make peace before the question of oil sanctions comes up again. It was regarded as waging a victorious war in Africa in spite of League sanctions, would accept any peace proposal that the League might make. In view of his threats of withdrawal from the League and even of European war if oil sanctions were imposed, it was thought in some quarters that grave consequences might result from Britain's stand. A peaceful resolution or a crisis may have resulted by the time this issue of The New Republic reaches our readers. There was a tendency in some quarters, perhaps unduly cynical, to minimize the importance of Great Britain's stand and to point out that her proposal was predicated upon the willingness of the other chief oil-supplying countries of the League to join in sanctions—a line-up that might be difficult to achieve.

MARTIAL law still ruled Japan seven days after the uprising of about 1,000 officers and men of the First Division resulted in the assassination of Koreiyo Takahashi, Finance Minister and former Premier; General Jotaro Watanabe, Inspector General of Military Training; Viscount Makato Saito, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal; and Colonel Denzo Matsuo, brother-in-law of Premier Okada, who offered himself to a raiding party and was shot in the mistaken belief that he was the Premier himself. The mutineers surrendered on Saturday after five days of extreme tension and severe military censorship in Tokyo. As the Emperor consulted with advisers over the selection of a strong Cabinet to replace that of Premier Okada, indications were that the army would have increased influence and representation in the new government. The dramatic quality of happenings in Japan, coupled with the mystery caused by censorship, tended to center world attention on that country and thus obscure significant advances made by the Italian armies in Ethiopia. Mussolini was fully aware of what was going on, however, and amid wild rejoicing in Rome on the anniversary of the Adowa defeat in 1896, he proclaimed that that defeat was completely avenged and boasted that Ethiopian opposition in the north was "crushed." He also announced the opening of a new drive by the armies in the south and predicted that General Graziani's forces

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WHILE Foreign Ministers Eden of Great Britain and Flandin of France were on their way to Geneva to wrestle with the question of sanctions, the new King Edward VIII broadcast a democratically worded message of greeting to the British Empire, with most of the world listening in. King Edward dropped royalty's traditional "we" and told his hearers "I am still the man" whom they had known as the Prince of Wales. The French Chamber of Deputies ended days of bitter debate by ratifying the mutual-assistance pact with the Soviet Union by a vote of 353 to 164, and the measure now goes to the Senate before it becomes effective. Recent efforts made by diplomats of the two countries to work out an understanding between Germany and Italy were dropped this week. Reputedly the chief points of difference were Italy's unwillingness to see Austria absorbed by Germany, and Germany's desire not to jeopardize her improved relations with England by making an open alliance with Italy. In the Western Hemisphere, the truculence of Paraguay's new militarist government was holding up President Roosevelt's plans for an Inter-American Peace Conference and bringing a serious threat of renewed warfare in the Chaco against Bolivia.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt caused a few tremors in Congress by sending out advance notice that new taxes of $786,000,000 will be required to balance the budget of normal governmental expenditures for the coming fiscal year and indicating that he will expect the Congress to vote taxes of this amount in whatever forms it may choose. The President's full tax message is expected later this week. The presidential signature caused the new farm bill and the extension of the neutrality resolution to be enacted into law, and with the latter measure the President issued a statement exhorting American business men not to seek extra profits by selling belligerents abnormal amounts of secondary war supplies. The Treasury Department completed a refinancing operation involving a total of $1,809,000,000, one of the largest in the peacetime history of the United States. The Interstate Commerce Commission issued a five-to-four decision lowering the basic rate for railroad fares to two cents per mile, with permission to roads that have a still lower rate to retain the lesser figure. The decision met with general acceptance in the West and South, but three of the larger lines in the Northeast, the New York Central, the Pennsylvania and the New Haven, indicated that they would seek a court test of the validity of the Commission's reduction. On the political front, Senator Borah announced Frank E. Gannett, New York publisher, as his choice for vice-presidential running mate in case Borah gets the Republican nomination for President. Colonel Henry Breckenridge announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination as a representative of the anti-Roosevelt

TEACHERS are learning to speak out in public. It is easy to recall the days when the annual conventions of the National Education Association had their share of the platitudes and pedantry that so often characterize gatherings of the learned in America. But in recent years things have changed. The sessions of the Department of Superintendence of the N.E.A. which have just closed in St. Louis not only provoked lively discussion on many controversial points, but also brought forth sturdy affirmation of the traditional American rights to freedom of thought and speech—even for schoolteachers. There was a clear-headed recognition of the real forces seeking to stifle those liberties, and Professor George S. Counts, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, in telling off Hearst, Belgrano and the American Legion, Al Smith, Father Coughlin, the D.A.R. and the super-patriots, and the moneyed angels of the Liberty League, named names, gave dates and figures. Other speakers pointed out that the celebrated budget-balancing feat of Governor Landon of Kansas was accompanied by widespread closing of schools and severe reductions in the salaries of already underpaid teachers. Dr. Charles A. Beard, eminent American historian who last year brought the Atlantic City convention of the N.E.A. to its feet with his blasting denunciation of Hearst, this year followed up with a direct telegram to Governor Landon. It read: "A number of American educators who have followed your career with deep interest would like to ask you one question: Are you proud to be sponsored by William Randolph Hearst?" So far, the Governor has not replied. The convention went on record as opposed to compulsory loyalty oaths for teachers and stoutly upheld freedom of inquiry for both students and teachers and freedom of academic tenure of teachers without political interference.

IN RECENT years, the University of North Carolina has moved forward rapidly until it has become, in the opinion of many competent observers, the leading institution of higher learning in the South. This development is largely the work of its president, Dr. Frank Graham, who has a national reputation both as an educational executive and as a practitioner of the old-fashioned American principles of freedom of thought and speech. It is not surprising, the times being as they are, to hear that efforts are being made to oust him from his position because of the very qualities that to many persons seem most valuable. The Charlotte Observer reports that the attack on Dr. Graham has several bases. "His administration has been offensive to powerful industrial and financial interests in and out of the state" so that "further monetary support from such affluent sources is imperiled." His "liberal views" have resulted in "widespread criticism." His program for "purification of athletics has outraged the athletic-minded alumni and created in them a feeling of resentment that will

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No comment is needed on the state of things when such reasons as these can be brought forward seriously in the effort to remove a man like Dr. Graham from his post.

A CORRESPONDENT who attended the recent National Negro Congress in Chicago writes that this meeting revealed several important developments. First of these, he reports, is the fact that the American Negro is breaking with the older leadership of the race, and second, that there is increasing realization that the Negro is a member of the working class. The platform of the congress, as expressed in the resolutions adopted, not only embraced the customary demands for the suppression of lynching and the recognition of the Negro's civil rights, but also advocated full participation and equal opportunity in the organized labor movement. It was recognized that as a part of the American working class, the Negro must fight for the right to organize with his fellow workers for mutual protection, and for the removal of racial barriers within the American Federation of Labor and independent trade unions. Employment of union labor by Negro business was also endorsed. While it was evident that many of the delegates favored industrial unionism, the congress failed to endorse John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization. Overeagerness to preserve harmony also prevented endorsement of a Farmer-Labor party.

WHEN John Howeson started out from Calcutta fifteen years ago, he sailed straight for London. He was thirty-six years old, and ambitious. He subsequently rose to control the world's supply of tin, drove the price of that much-needed commodity up to three times its usual figure and was hailed as a "savior of the empire." Like many another empire-builder, he decided to take a little speculative flyer. His choice happened to be that fantastic pepper-shellac combine which broke the London market about a year ago. To finance his speculation he issued some stock. He now stands convicted of selling shares to the public without stating in the prospectus that his company was heavily involved in pepper or that it had future commitments of more than $5,000,000. To America's boom-time tycoons this would scarcely seem even a misdemeanor; it is more like some trifling peccadillo, such as drinking four cups of coffee at a meal. Yet Mr. Howeson, like Lord Kylsant, convicted for a similar offense, must serve one year in jail. It becomes increasingly clear that Mr. Howeson's real mistake was his going to London in the first place. He should have followed the example of another one-time British subject and come to America. On the very day that Mr. Howeson received his sentence in Old Bailey, Mr. Samuel Insull was in Chicago enjoying the benefits of a $21,000 annual pension from operating units of his former utilities empire and was beaming happily in his office as president of

The Army Coup in Japan

THERE are four chief questions to be answered regarding the attempted uprising by the Japanese militarists: What caused it? Is it likely to be tried again? Was the program of the revolutionists one that could have cured the conditions against which it was directed? Will the uprising, despite its seeming failure have important results, and if so, what are they?

The immediate cause of the affair was undoubtedly the general election a few days earlier, which showed such a startling increase in liberal sentiment. Beyond that, the disaffection in the army was caused, so we are told, by the severe suffering among farmers and industrial workers, plus the belief that big business exerted too much control over the civilian members of the government. In this aspect the Japanese uprising is reminiscent of the early stages of fascism in Italy and Germany. Despite the apparent sympathy for the sufferings of the poor, the movement is anti-democratic. Under Hitler and Mussolini, the central allegiance is to the idea of the authoritarian state; in Japan, the dominant note is the divine origin of the Mikado and the desire to return to a government completely in his name. So far as can be judged, the militarists have no notion of what might actually be done to relieve Japanese poverty; their only concrete idea seems to have been to push harder in China and to go to war with Soviet Russia, neither of which plans would solve the internal difficulties.

It is well known that Japan is already to a large degree a fascist state. In the struggle for control of national policy the military forces and the civilians exert varying degrees of influence at various times; but even when the army is weakest, it is as important as in any other country in the world. Freedom of speech and of the press, in so far as they ever existed, disappeared long ago. The government censorship is as stupid and arbitrary as such censorships always are and is unsparingly vigorous in its operations. Editors get weekly or daily instructions as to the things they must not mention and what they shall say about subjects they are allowed to discuss. Any attentive reader of the press in England or America knows much more of important developments than do the Japanese themselves, and even the foreign correspondents are subjected to incessant censorship and to the "propaganda of flattery" that is sometimes even more effective in coloring their views.

Japanese national policy in recent years has been based upon imperialist expansion and upon the attempt to build up a very large foreign trade. For the latter purpose the government has given heavy subsidies to shipbuilding, the merchant marine and export industries—a system that has led some Western observers to the hasty conclusion that Japan has adopted the Social Credit theory of Major

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taxation and have been accompanied by small wages and a miserable standard of living for factory workers, in order to undersell everyone else in foreign markets. Part of this scheme has also been low prices for Japanese-produced agricultural products. Poverty among farmers is so severe that within the last year or two, it is reported that more than 2,000 sporadic uprisings have taken place among the farmers, which have been ruthlessly suppressed by the army.

While exact figures are lacking, there is no doubt that Japan's adventures on the Asiatic mainland have augmented the serious character of her economic plight. Korea, Manchuria and North China have all proved bitter disappointments both as outlets for trade and for Japanese emigration. The statement has been made that about the only advantage Japan has had from her Manchurian adventure has been the profit on the opium traffic, which has been earnestly fostered.

The course that Japan ought to pursue in her dilemma is fairly clear; to describe it is as easy as getting it adopted is difficult. On economic grounds, if no other, the Japanese should drop their entire imperialistic adventure on the Asiatic mainland. The threat of so-called overpopulation, which will become less pressing in another generation, should be met in the meantime by the general introduction of birth control. This movement was in fact making great headway a few years ago, until the Japanese government became inoculated with the German-Italian fever for a larger supply of potential soldiers.

Modern scientific methods of agriculture could enormously increase the productivity of Japanese farms, eliminating the necessity for imports. This would only be possible, however, if the expensive initial stages were financed, and the new techniques taught, by the government, and not by the half-starved peasants themselves. The standard of living of the industrial population could easily be raised tremendously out of Japan's own resources, if she would move toward the redistribution of income and stop seeking a huge export trade by underselling all competitors in the markets of the world.

Set in this frame of reference, we can see how pathetically inadequate are the ideas of the militarists who last week tried to overthrow the government. Moved by the poverty of the population, their sole ideas were those that would make this poverty substantially worse. They were, to be sure, only one degree more ignorant and misguided than the government against which they rebelled. It is probable that their abortive coup has, in the meantime, had one extremely undesirable effect. It is altogether likely that the government, alarmed by the revelation of bitter feeling in the army, will seek to placate that feeling by adopting some of the revolutionists' ideas, chief of which is an increasingly belligerent attitude toward Soviet Russia. If might have caused the government to go farther along the line of conciliation and an attempt to arrange a *modus vivendi* in Asia. If the coup had succeeded and a complete military dictatorship had been set up, the army might have been sobered and made more cautious by its responsibility. As it is, we believe the next few months are likely to show that Japan is moving with an accelerated pace toward fascism and war. A train that was going in that direction at, let us say, thirty miles an hour is now moving at forty miles. The results may be disastrous for the whole world.

Children of the T.V.A.

THE RECENT Supreme Court decision upholding the constitutionality of certain aspects of the Tennessee Valley Authority has been much discussed as to its bearing on future similar activities of the government. Opponents of the New Deal have argued that while it authorizes the sale of power produced under the T.V.A., it does not offer a secure basis for similar projects in other parts of the country. Some government officials hold the contrary view. As everyone knows, there are many potential projects for producing electric power and for allied purposes, particularly in the Pacific Northwest. What hope can now be held out for these "children of the T.V.A."?

The Wilson Dam was built for two reasons: to improve the navigability of the Tennessee River and to obtain electric energy for the manufacture of nitrates for use by the government in future wars. In peacetime the nitrates are not needed. The government, therefore, rather than permit the waste of available water power, generates electricity. Authorized by the Constitution to dispose of property belonging to it, it buys a transmission line to transport the electricity to a market. Is this constitutionally permissible? Saying that this was the question presented by the T.V.A. case, Chief Justice Hughes and Justices Van Devanter, Sutherland and Butler answered "Yes."

To Mr. Justice McReynolds, the lone dissenter, the question presented by the case was very different. Was the government, while pretending to act within its proper sphere, really seeking to enter the business of generating, transmitting and selling power "with the definite design to accomplish ends wholly beyond the sphere marked out for it by the Constitution"? Answering this question "Yes," he voted to hold the purchase of the transmission line unconstitutional.

The four other Justices—Brandeis, Stone, Roberts and Cardozo—thought that the plaintiffs, who were preferred stockholders in the Alabama Power Company (which sold the transmission line to the government), were not entitled to object to the government's action, whether or not it was constitutional. Their opinion developed this view at length.

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tices "did not disagree with the *conclusion* on the constitutional question announced by the Chief Justice." It may be important that their concurrence was in the Chief Justice's "conclusion," not in the reasoning by which he supported that conclusion.

Does the decision tend to uphold the government's power program outside the Tennessee Valley—or even the activities of the T.V.A. other than the acquisition of the transmission line here in question? It is impossible to make a wholly definite answer. Here four Justices thought one question presented, four another, and one a third. In other cases, we cannot be sure even what questions the Justices will say are presented to them, much less how they will decide those questions.

Remarks comforting to opponents of the government's power program occur in the Chief Justice's opinion (recall that it is not a majority opinion). "The Congress may not, under the pretext of executing its powers, pass laws for the accomplishment of objects not entrusted to the government." No invasion of rights reserved to the states is accomplished by "the limited undertaking with the Alabama Power Company." "The government is not using the water power at Wilson Dam to establish any industry or business." "The government rightly conceded, in substance, that it was without constitutional authority to acquire or dispose of such energy except as it comes into being in the operation of works constructed in the exercise of some power delegated to the United States [by the Constitution]." "The question of the constitutional right of the government to acquire or operate local or urban distribution systems is not involved. We express no opinion as to the validity of such an effort, as to the status of any other dam or power development in the Tennessee Valley . . ."

But opponents of the government's power program should not be too complacent. The Chief Justice may have put these statements into his opinion to win the concurrence of Justices Van Devanter, Sutherland or Butler. In the only other case involving the generation of electricity, Arizona v. California, decided in 1931, all of the Justices except McReynolds agreed that the Boulder Dam project was within the power of Congress. Congress had said that one of its objectives was improving the navigation of the Colorado River. It had admitted that the generation of power and the diversion of water for irrigation were also objectives. It was argued that the recital of a purpose to improve navigation was "a mere subterfuge and false pretense." But eight Justices held otherwise. Moreover, they said, "Into the motives which induced members of Congress to enact the Boulder Canyon Project Act, this Court may not enquire . . . And the fact that purposes other than navigation will also be served could not invalidate the exercise of the authority conferred [by the Constitution with respect to navigation], even if those other purposes would not alone have justified an exercise

It is fairly obvious that much of the government's program in the Tennessee Valley and in the other power projects has objectives outside the range of the regulatory powers delegated to Congress by the Constitution. But Congress has a non-regulatory power—its spending power—which it may exert to achieve any objective promotive of the "general welfare." In the A.A.A. decision, the Court for the first time erected a limitation upon the spending power. That power may not be used to coerce conduct not within the reach of one of the regulatory powers of Congress. This limitation, it seems fairly clear, does not stand in the way of the government's power program viewed as an exercise of the spending power. It may be that the Court, or five or its members, will create in the future some other limitation on Congress's spending power. For example, it may be held that the spending power does not authorize the government to enter any private business it wants to enter. No such limitation is stated in the Constitution. But the limitation on the spending power erected by the Court in the A.A.A. decision is not stated in the Constitution either. The Justices invented the one. They may invent the other.

It is not only because of this possibility that the government hopes to have the validity of its power projects based upon one of the regulatory powers of Congress. Governmental projects thus based are immune from state regulation and taxation and property may be acquired by eminent domain in their aid. This is probably not true of governmental projects based only on the spending power of Congress.

That a majority of the Court will hold virtually all the government's power projects to be sustainable under a regulatory power of Congress seems highly probable notwithstanding the statements in the Hughes T.V.A. opinion which seem to point the other way. Every project will have some tendency to promote the navigability of some river, even though it be true that none of them would have been undertaken had that been the only objective. The rule of the 1931 Boulder Dam Case, that if one purpose of an Act brings it within congressional power, it is not invalid because there were other purposes nor because those other purposes were probably considered more important by Congress, will hardly be overruled. In the T.V.A. case, only Mr. Justice McReynolds (who had been the lone dissenter in the Boulder Dam Case) disregarded it. Any other rule would require the Court not only to inquire into the motives of Congress but to attempt to determine the relative weight of different motives. It is hardly possible that the Court will adopt a rule requiring it to make such inquiries and determinations with respect to motives.

Unquestionably the Court could invalidate much of the government's program if it wanted to. The written Constitution contains virtually no

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as those involving the N.R.A., the A.A.A., and the T.V.A. Limitations analogous to those created by them for the first time in the N.R.A. and the A.A.A. cases could be created with reference to the government's power program with equal warrant or lack of warrant from the words of the written Constitution. But past decisions here point the other way. And judicial statesmanship may impel to judicial self-limitation. Before cases involving them reached the Court, the N.R.A. and even the A.A.A. had lost favor with influential groups. This is not to suggest that the Court warps the Constitution to satisfy popular clamor and to save its own skin. The Justices realize that their votes derive more from their preferences than from the written Constitution or past decisions. Realizing the nature of their power and also their inability to initiate policies or programs and their political irresponsibility, they may well conclude that judicial self-limitation in this sphere will be the highest judicial statesmanship.

Uncle Sam Comes to Broadway

WHAT HAPPENS when the government attempts to set up relief projects in so volatile and personal a field as the theatre? If one judged solely by reports in the daily press, one might well think of the result as more than a little cockeyed. Stories of censorship, stories of resignations, stories of a clerical error that sent a "spicy" (save the mark!) revue to a high school instead of the historical play that was scheduled—all these are smirkingly lumped together and dismissed under the threadbare and humorless label of "boondoggling."

Meanwhile the Federal Theatre Project of the Works Progress Administration is giving employment to some 10,000 persons directly in the field to which they are fitted by temperament and training. Nor are they engaged—figuratively—in raking leaves. They are carrying the personal, spoken theatre back to the populace from which it originally sprang, and they are experimenting with that theatre in a hundred different ways that the commercial exploitation of the drama would never make possible.

There are now 156 different plays in production in various parts of the United States. Some thirty-three of these are already giving nightly performances, and the opening curtains on the other productions are rising at an increasing rate each week. New York City has six permanent theatres devoted to Theatre Project plays, and great activity is registered in such diverse centers as Dallas, Seattle, Cleveland, St. Louis, Denver and Boston, along with smaller cities in the surrounding territory.

The range of offerings is extraordinary. Alfred Kreymborg is producing a satiric play in verse, "Th Dance of Death," by the young English poet, Leonard of the faculty of Vassar College. This is being produced by the Poetic Theatre, which is exploring the possibility of restoring spoken verse to the stage in twentieth-century forms. Current in New York is "Walk Together Chillun," written by a Negro actor, Frank Wilson and staged by him with an all-Negro cast. The Experimental Theatre group is producing "The Stable and the Grove" in collaboration with its author, Virgil Geddes. A theater has been leased for the Labor Stage group, and the "Living Newspaper" idea is being revived with a presentation of "A.A.A. Plowed Under."

Chicago is busy with a production of "Chalk Dust," and in California a series of classic plays is being produced in collaboration with the University of California. New England has assembled seventeen vaudeville groups, and is also at work on two plays, "Barbara Frietchie" and "Valley Forge," dealing with American history. Over the country in general, the repertoire includes classics by Shakespeare, Ibsen, Molière and others, foreign-language plays, American folk plays, Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, children's plays, chants, masques and experimental musico-dramatic forms, motion pictures, Remo Bufano's marionettes, commercial tryouts and circus units.

All actors in these varied projects, whether playing leading roles or walk-ons, are paid the standard rate of $23.86 per week. In many cities where permanent theatres are engaged, a small admission fee, ranging from ten to fifty-five cents, is charged, and it is hoped that a number of the projects may become largely self-supporting. Where regular theatres are not available, groups and productions are booked free in auditoriums, church social rooms, lodge rooms and other places before qualified groups. Mrs. Hallie Flanagan, a brilliant student of drama and director, heads the Federal Theatre Project, and associated with her in guiding regional activities are such figures as Jasper Deeter, Gilmor Brown, Hiram Motherwell, Frederick H. Koch, Glenn Hughes and others of talent and experience in the American theatre.

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Solving Domestic Crisis by War[1]

IN THE summer of 1914 American industry and agriculture were all set to go. Business was not good. There were surpluses to sell. There were plants to expand for the production of more goods. New acres awaited the plow. Idle workers in cities searched for employment. A mild crisis in economy was already at hand. The opening of the War in Europe provided the great opportunity. New York bankers were eager to implement it.

Of course very few Americans engaged in pursuing their peaceful pursuits had any idea "what it was all about." Most of them were following their noses in their immediate routines. That was the "natural" order of things.

But a few economic leaders near the center through which goods flowed to the Allies and payments flowed in exchange had a broader and longer view—not very broad, not very long, but still more extensive than that of "the unfeathered bipeds" around them. They were in a position to accelerate and direct the movement of commodities and payments, out of which prices, wages and profits eventuated. Acceleration was their business, and acceleration was to the immediate advantage of their fellow participants.

At the big center in Washington were the political leaders who had power over the policies of the United States government. Among them were President Wilson, Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury, Secretary Bryan of the State Department, Robert Lansing, Counsellor to the Department, Colonel House, private channel of communication for and with the President, and members of the directorate of the new Federal Reserve Banks. To all appearances they could throw the weight of the government of the United States one way or another, unless forsooth they were automata moving under the propulsions of others. At all events, there they were. The stage was set.

Now, thanks to the revelations of the Nye committee, the dark velvet curtain of history is raised on this stage and these actors. We can know today words and deeds that were unknown to more than a handful in those fateful years. The play is divided into scenes. It looks like a Greek tragedy. It seems to flow to its deadly dénouement, yet with moments of apparent pause and indecision when a little turn this way or that might have effected a different outcome. Who knows?

Scene I. August 10, 1914-October 22, 1914.—On August 10, 1914, W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State, informed President Wilson that the Morgan Company, of New York, had asked whether there would be any objection to their making a loan to the French government and to the Rothschilds (perhaps for the French government). Mr. Bryan expressed to the President the opinion that "money is the worst of all contrabands," that if loans were made to belligerents the passions of pecuniary interest would be enlisted in the War, and that "powerful financial interests" would be thrown into the balance, making it difficult to maintain neutrality. In other words, Mr. Bryan clearly foresaw and portrayed the consequences of lending money to belligerents.

President Wilson evidently agreed with him. On August 15, 1914, Secretary Bryan wrote to the Morgan Company saying that inquiry had been made as to the attitude of this government. This attitude he then summarized: "Loans made by American bankers to any foreign nation which is at war are inconsistent with the true spirit of neutrality."

Scene II. October 23, 1914-Midsummer, 1915.—On October 23, 1914, a vice-president of the National City Bank of New York (apparently Samuel McRoberts) conversed with Robert Lansing of the State Department and sent him a letter. He told Mr. Lansing that his bank wanted to stimulate the unprecedented and increasing volume of business that came out of buying by foreign governments and their nationals. American manufacturers who were customers of the bank were urging the institution to provide temporary credits for foreign buyers of their goods. If American credits were dried up, the business would go to other countries. "If we allow these purchases to go elsewhere we will have neglected our foreign trade at the time of our greatest need and greatest opportunity. . . . The business which I have attempted to describe to you we deem necessary to the general good." So much for the vice-president of the National City Bank.

The first crisis was at hand. No bankers' credits for belligerents, a slowing down of their buying. A drop in buying, a loss of business. A loss of business, falling demand, prices, wages, employment and profits, assuming that nothing else could be done.

A key person at the center acts promptly.

That very night at 8:30, Robert Lansing called on President Wilson. Apparently he did not take up this vital issue with his chief, Secretary Bryan, but went behind the back of the State Department's head. Anyway, he saw President Wilson that night

[1] This is the second article in the [illegible]

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debts incurred in trade between governments and American merchants." The matter of "an arrangement of this sort [for credits] ought not to be submitted to this government." Such were the "impressions" gathered by Mr. Lansing in his conversation with President Wilson.

To be sure the question of "such an arrangement" had been submitted to the government of the United States. That was the subject of Mr. Lansing's conversation with the President. And the President "authorized" Mr. Lansing to give these "impressions" "to such persons as were entitled to hear them, upon the express understanding that they were my own [Mr. Lansing's] impressions and that I had no authority to speak for the President or the government."

To say the least that was strange business. The question of credits to belligerent governments had been submitted to the Counsellor of the State Department, but it ought not to have been submitted. President Wilson considered it, gave his opinion on it, "authorized" Mr. Lansing to transmit the impressions as his own to persons "entitled to hear them" on the understanding that they were Mr. Lansing's impressions, given without ascribing them to the President or the government. They were fateful impressions, and the American people were evidently not "entitled" to hear them.

At 8:30 P.M., on October 24, 1914, Mr. Lansing conveyed "the substance" of the "impressions" to a gentleman at the Metropolitan Club. This gentleman held some kind of place in the House of J. P. Morgan, but Mr. Morgan was not quite sure about its nature in 1936.

At 10:30 A.M., on October 26, 1914, Mr. Lansing conveyed the substance of his "impressions" to an agent of the National City Bank, at the State Department. But Frank Vanderlip, of the National City Bank at the time, could not remember anything definite about it, in January, 1936.

Anyway the deed was done. Bankers could go ahead full steam providing credits for foreign buyers of American goods. And they did, thus accelerating the tempo of American industry, agriculture and merchandising—to the immediate advantage of all parties, so it seemed.

Scene III. August 14, 1915-August 26, 1915.—By the midsummer of 1915 the Allies had apparently stretched their short-term "credits" to the limit. At all events the British pound was slipping down. The British government and the Morgan Company either could not or would not sustain it. If it was not sustained a smash was in sight—for busy Americans engaged in producing manufactures and farm produce, and for other parties.

August 14, 1915, Benjamin Strong, of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, wrote to Colonel House, called his attention to the slipping sterling pound, and remarked that "the influence is gradu- [illegible] House. [illegible] action either for or against such a transaction,' but

August 17, 1915, J. B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank of Chicago, wrote to F. A. Delano, vice-governor of the Federal Reserve Board, saying that he wanted to get some information for "a very confidential purpose." The Allies needed more than credits; they needed a loan. What would be the government's attitude on a loan?

Copies of Mr. Forgan's letter reached Secretary McAdoo, of the Treasury, and Secretary Lansing, now head of the State Department in place of W. J. Bryan.

August 21, 1915, Mr. McAdoo wrote a long letter to President Wilson on the gravity of the economic situation. He told the President bluntly that: "Our prosperity is dependent upon our continued and enlarged foreign trade. To preserve that we must do everything we can to assist our customers to buy. . . . To maintain our prosperity we must finance it. Otherwise we must stop, and that would be disastrous." The upshot: the Bryan ban on loans stood in the way of prosperity; indeed, threatened the country and the Wilson administration with a disaster.

August 23, 1915, Secretary McAdoo sent a copy of J. B. Forgan's letter to Secretary Lansing, called his attention to the points raised by it, condemned by implication the Bryan ban on loans, and said that he would see him in person in a few days.

August 25, 1915, Secretary Lansing wrote to President Wilson enclosing a copy of Mr. Forgan's letter, expressed the opinion that changed conditions must be recognized, and declared that "the large debts which result from purchases by belligerent governments require some method of funding these debts in this country."

Another hour of fateful decision had come. The President of the United States was informed by bankers and by his official advisers that a domestic crash would come if the huge debts created by the credits he had obliquely approved in October, 1914, were not funded. In other words, unless American investors now put up the money to pay Americans for American goods bought by the Allies, the outcome would be "disastrous." Having taken the step to credits in October, 1914, to prevent a slowing down of business, he must now approve funding these credits and others into American loans to avoid a disastrous slowing down—an economic calamity.

Confronting this dilemma, President Wilson chose a course. Perhaps there was no choice. Perhaps given his outlook on life, on human values and on national destiny, the constrictions of iron pressures determined the matter in his mind. Who knows?

However that may be, on August 26, 1915, President Wilson conveyed to Secretary Lansing his decision in another letter also oblique but sufficient: "My opinion in this matter, compendiously stated, is that we should say that 'parties would take no

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concerned, and not put in writing." A copy of this letter Secretary Lansing confidentially transmitted to Secretary McAdoo.

Soon the news was "conveyed orally" to persons "entitled" to hear it. Bankers had their release authorization to go ahead full steam, facilitating the transactions that kept the American people busy and happy in their peaceful pursuits. Investors among them, including manufacturers profiting from the business, put up millions and millions to "pay" the American people for American goods.

Scene IV. September, 1915-April, 1917.—Loan after loan was floated to pay Americans for goods. By the opening of 1917 the Allies had stretched their borrowing power—perhaps not to the limit. Who knew the limit? But it was stretched. On the field of battle things were not going well. In March, 1917, the Tsar's government collapsed, threatening to take Russia out of the War. Defeat was possible for the Allies or a stalemate equivalent to a defeat of their ambitions expressed in the Secret Treaties dividing the spoils of victory in advance of victory.

Again, the Wilson administration faced a crisis, such as it had faced in October, 1914, and again August, 1915. If the war stopped, American business would slow down from prosperity to dullness, if not calamity. If the Allies were defeated things would be worse. American millions were at stake. What other things were really at stake no one knew.

But a crisis was there—cold, brutal, remorseless. Economic leaders as well as political leaders, now all entangled in the same fateful web, were under a great strain. The propaganda for American participation in the War increased. Much could be said for it, and was said. Immediate advantages to stake holders were apparent, surrounded by dark shadows of uncertainty. Amid this tension, the German government renewed its submarine warfare. This action has been called "the primary and final cause" of the American declaration of war.

Why call it "the" cause? Why not make "the" cause, the action of the Allied governments in imposing an "illegal" blockade on Germany? Germany alleged that this was the cause of her action called the cause of President Wilson's action. Why stop in the search for causes with the British action? Why not attribute the cause to the action of the United States government in acquiescing in British action? Why stop anywhere along the "chain of causes" short of the "first cause"? Nobody knows or will ever know "the" cause of Woodrow Wilson's decision in favor of war.

But we do know a great deal about the economic conditions and pressures that made his decision possible and the execution of that decision possible. The Nye revelations portray them in multitudinous detail and show powerful leaders in banking and politics taking actions that facilitated the slide. Low lights of these leaders written for private consumption the burden of all arguments was the maintenance of American prosperity and the fear of domestic calamity: Goods must be sold and paid for in some way or the swollen structure of prosperity would burst.

Did it "pay" in the end—this promotion of business enterprise—in the economic terms so dear to bankers, business men and all hard-headed persons?

According to estimates of the Morgan Company, busy Americans sold the Allies about $7,000,000,000 worth of goods prior to April 1, 1917. It was this selling that produced the big "prosperity" which bankers and the Wilson administration tried so hard to uphold between 1914 and 1917.

It was seven billion dollars' worth of prosperity. Well, according to the estimates of President Coolidge, participation in the World War cost the people of the United States, besides death and suffering, at least $100,000,000,000, counting outlays to come for pensions, bonuses and other war charges.

It does not seem to have been in the long run a "paying" proposition, considered in the terms used by the bankers and politicians between October, 1914, and January, 1917. To be sure J. P. Morgan was reported to have said in 1936 that "we saved our souls and civilization." But not much was said about souls and civilization in their private correspondence and papers during the period—August, 1914-January, 1917.

Just how much were the bankers, the politicians, the industrialists and the farmers in the play concerned with the salvation of souls? How much influence did the salvation of souls have on their weekday conduct?

Dénouement.—"We" went into the War and came out. As Al Smith would say: "Here we are"—in the middle of another economic crisis, and with the prospect of another world war and more of that kind of "prosperity" before us.

Have economic activities and interests changed fundamentally since 1914? Are we more concerned with the salvation of souls? Are our political and economic leaders men of the same type uppermost in 1914-17? Do the American people really want to stay out of the next world war, to make the sacrifices necessary to that end? Or do they want to take another big gamble with "prosperity" and run the risk of a bigger and better burst?

A wit has said that the only thing we learn from history is that we learn nothing from it. But at least it may be said that from the Nye papers we can know something about the history of 1914-17 and the eminent gentlemen who played such a large part in making it. And the American people did not have to wait a hundred years to obtain this knowledge. For the opportunity thus vouchsafed, others besides dust-sifting historians ought to be grateful.

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Dramatis Personae: 1896-1902

II: *The Beginnings of the Irish Theatre*

I KNEW nothing of George Moore at the time I write of except what Symons or Martyn told me, or I had learned from his occasional articles. I had read no book of his, nor would I, had he not insisted, for my sympathies were narrow. I cared for nothing but poetry or prose that shared its intensity. Florence Farr and I had just begun that attempt described in "Speaking to the Psaltery" to revive the ancient art of minstrelsy. Florence Farr had ruined her career by premature success. For ten years she had played a series of parts which had, through their association with controversial movements, attained great publicity. I remember most vividly her performance in "Arms and the Man" and in "Rosmersholm," but most of all her first success in Doctor Todhunter's "Sicilian Idyll." Because she could not accept less than twenty pounds a week without loss of status and got it but rarely she was doomed to remain an amateur. Yet her voice was among the most beautiful of her time, her elocution, her mastery of poetical rhythm incomparable.

To remind myself of these and other events I have been looking through the letters I wrote to Lady Gregory during those first years of our friendship. She was now at Coole, now at Queen Anne Mansions, now in Paris; I at 18 Woburn Buildings, London, or with an uncle at Sligo. On the ground floor at Woburn Buildings lived a shoemaker; on the first floor a workman and his family; I on the second floor; in the attic an old peddler, who painted a little in water colors. I wrote in one of the earliest letters: "I have measured the window." (Lady Gregory must have given me the great blue curtain that was a principal feature there for twenty years.) "Ought I to let you do all these kind things for me. . . . I have reasoned myself out of the instincts and rules by which one mostly surrounds oneself, I have nothing but reason to trust to, and so am in continual doubt about simple things."

Presently she gave me a great leather armchair which is before my eyes at this moment. From her came the great collection of folklore that, turned into essays for the monthly reviews, brought ten or fifteen pounds at a time. Then one night when she and the other guests had gone I found twenty pounds behind my clock. I went to see her and tried to return it: "You must take this money," she said: "You should give up journalism. The only wrong act that matters is not doing one's best work." She had that test for everyone. We were [illegible] special quality

I was not to consider it a loan, though I might return it some day if well off. When I finished my first lecture tour in the United States, the winter of 1903-04, I tried to return it, but she said: "Not until I think you have enough money to feel independent." I inherited a little money from a relative, but she still refused. Four or five years later she consented. I asked how much; she said, "Five hundred." It was a shock to find I owed so much. I wrote to an American lecture agent, earned the money, and paid it back. That I am ashamed of that long debt to so dear a friend, that I have told it after a struggle with myself, puts me to shame. Of still greater service were those summers at Coole. For twenty years I spent two or three months there in every year. Because of those summers, because of that money, I was able through the greater part of my working life to write without thought of anything but the beauty or the utility of what I wrote. Until I was nearly fifty, my writing never brought me more than two hundred a year, and most often less, and I am not by nature economical.

I wrote from Sligo of my uncle George Pollexfen (I have described him in "The Trembling of the Veil"): "He is just at this moment in one of his bad fits owing to the fact that the inhabitants attack him as they cannot get at me. He brought me to a Masonic concert on Thursday. Somebody sang a stage Irishman's song—the usual whiskey, shillelagh kind of thing—and I hissed him, and lest my hiss might be lost in the general applause, waited until the applause had died down and hissed again. That gave somebody also courage, and we both hissed. My uncle defends me, but says that he makes a poor hand of it and gets beaten."

Then I wrote about "A great battle with George Armstrong" (professor of Literature at Cork; author of a trilogy, "Saul, David, Solomon"). "He lectured on 'The Two Irelands,' or 'Ireland in Literature,' and his whole lecture was an attack on the 'Celtic Movement,' full of insinuations about conspiracies to prevent his success as a poet, to keep him out of anthologies, etc. I replied with a great deal of fierceness, described the barrenness of the so-called intellect of Ireland, told him that all the cleverest of the young men were leaving him and coming to us. I then attacked his scholarship and showed that his knowledge of Irish things was of the most obsolete kind. I believe I was unanswerable. . . ."

Then I told how I had taken the chair at some public meeting in London where speakers talked

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of Plumpton, who advised everybody to buy a breechloader and prepare for the day of battle and wound up by singing a patriotic song, apparently of his own making. . . . I was in such a rage that I forgot to put the resolutions." Then I described old Cipriani, who spoke as though he stood "on a battlefield, and he has stood on fifty." A magnificent-looking old man, a friend of Garibaldi, he had gone all over the world fighting for liberty, and Maud Gonne had brought him to Ireland to work out a scheme for insurrection, then to some London-Irish to make his report. In one letter I used a phrase Lady Gregory was often to chaff me about, though never to repudiate: "In a battle like Ireland's which is one of poverty against wealth, we must prove our sincerity by making ourselves unpopular to wealth. We must accept the baptism of the gutter. Have not all the leaders done that?"

II

I invited Florence Farr to find players for my "Countess Cathleen." I do not remember whether it was Florence Farr, or I or Edward Martyn who asked a Dublin amateur actor to play a principal part in both plays, but it was certainly Edward Martyn who invited George Moore to a rehearsal of "The Heather Field." I wrote to Lady Gregory in March or April, 1899: "Moore first got rid of practically the whole cast," putting X—— (the Dublin amateur actor) out of the part of Usher. "He ran at the chairs, kicked them and called Moore names, upon which the prompter threatened him with personal violence if he used such language in the presence of ladies. . . ."

When the Antient Concert Rooms had been taken, the rehearsals almost begun, Edward Martyn wrote to Lady Gregory and myself withdrawing financial support. Some monk, I never learned the name, had called "The Countess Cathleen" heretical. She sells her soul to certain demons for money that the people may not be compelled by starvation to sell theirs. She dies. The demons had deceived themselves, had trusted to bond and signature, but God sees: "The motive and not the deed." My error was doubly dangerous, for I had put the thought into the mouth of an angel. A political enemy wrote a pamphlet against the play, quoting the opinions of the demons as if they were the author's, sold it in the shops, in the streets, dropped copies into every doctor's letter-box, but Edward Martyn was not disturbed. No popular agitation disturbed him. Somebody had read or shown the pamphlet to old Cardinal Logue, and he had written to the newspapers that if the play was as represented, no Catholic should go to it. And that too did not disturb him, because Cardinal Logue had not seen the play. Lady Gregory and I thought that two ecclesiastics might be got to outvote one; Martyn agreed to accept the verdict, and Lady Gregory made Moore promise silence for a fort- [illegible] Moore [illegible]

proved the play, but I have Father Barry's. He was the author of "The New Antigone," a famous book in those days, and what is more, a learned, accomplished man. "From the literal point of view," he wrote, "theologians, Catholic or other, could object that no one is free to sell his soul in order to buy bread even for the starving, but Saint Paul says: 'I wish to be anathema for my people,' which is another way for expressing what you have put into the story. I would give the play and the explanation afterwards."

Edward Martyn was quite content, but not Moore. "Martyn," I wrote to Lady Gregory, "is in excellent spirits, but says that if any person in authority were to speak, he would withdraw again." (The votes would be equal.) Moore upon the other hand, "lamented his lost row. He had meant to write an article called 'Edward Martyn and His Soul.' He said: 'It was the best opportunity I ever had. What a sensation it would have made. Nobody has ever written that way about his most intimate friend. What a chance. It would have been heard of everywhere.'" As Florence Farr and I sat at breakfast in a Dublin Hotel, having just arrived by the mail boat to make some final arrangements, Martyn came wiping the perspiration from his face in great excitement; his first sentence was: "I withdraw again." He had just received by post "Edward Martyn and His Soul" in the form of a letter. We comforted him all we could, and before twelve o'clock all was well. Before the first performance, to the charge of heresy was added that of representing Irish men and women as selling their souls, whereas "their refusal to change their religion, even when starving, proved that they would not."

On the night of the performance, there was a friendly house drawn from the general public, but many interrupters in the gallery. I had asked for police protection and found twenty or thirty police awaiting my arrival. A sergeant explained that they could not act unless called upon. I turned to a friend, once secretary to the Land League, and said, "Stay with me, I have no experience." All the police smiled, and I remembered a lying rumor that I had organized the jubilee riots, people had even told each other what sum I paid for every rioter. The selling of the souls; the lines,

> The Light of Lights
> Look always on the motive not the deed;
>
> Sign with this quill
> It was a feather growing on the cock
> That crowed when Peter dared deny his Master,
> And all who use it have great honor in Hell;

the last four considered an attack on the Pope, caused disturbances. Every disturbance was drowned by cheers. Arthur Griffith, afterwards slanderer of Lane and Synge, founder of the Sinn

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claimed to have brought "a lot of men from the quays and told them to applaud everything the Church would not like." I did not want my play turned into an anti-clerical demonstration, and decided from the general feeling of discomfort when an evil peasant in my first act trampled upon a Catholic shrine that the disturbances were in part my own fault. In using what I considered traditional symbols, I forgot that in Ireland they are not symbols, but realities. But the attacks in the main, like those upon Synge and O'Casey, came from the public ignorance of literary method. The play itself was ill constructed, the dialogue turning aside at the lure of word or metaphor, very different, I hope, from the play as it is today after many alterations, every alteration tested by performance. It was not, nor is it now, more than a piece of tapestry. The Countess sells her soul, but she is not transformed. If I were to think out that scene today, she would the moment her hand has signed burst into loud laughter, mock at all she has held holy, horrify the peasants in the midst of their temptations. Nothing satisfied me but Florence Farr's performance in the part of Aleel. Dublin talked of it for years, and after five and thirty years, I keep among my unforgettable memories the sense of coming disaster she put into the words:

> . . . but now
> Two gray horned owls hooted above our heads.

I telegraphed to Moore: "Play a success"; he arrived in time for "The Heather Field." He says in "Ave" that Martyn telegraphed: "The scepter of intellect has passed from England to Ireland," but that sounds more like Moore than the economical, tongue-tied Martyn, and suggests the state of exaltation he arrived in. "The Heather Field" was a much greater success than "The Countess Cathleen," being in manner of Ibsen, the manner of the moment. The construction seemed masterly. I tried to believe that a great new dramatist had appeared. Miss Whitty, who in "The Countess Cathleen" had been effective and commonplace, moving us to tears by the tears in her own voice, was now acrid, powerful, original; an actor who played the hero driven to madness by his too practical wife (Mrs. Martyn's attempts to find a wife for her son came into my head) was perhaps even better. At the end of the performance, Moore forced his way through the crowded lobby triumphant (I did not know until months afterwards that the masterly construction had been his), and catching sight of a tall friend near the street door shouted: "I see by the morning paper that . . . has provided Lord . . . with an heir," thereby starting a scandal that ran for months from village to village, disturbing several circles, private and official.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

This is the second of a series of articles chosen from Mr. Yeats's unpublished memoirs. The third will be printed in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

The Press-Radio War

THE BATTLE between newspapers and the radio goes on. It has elements of high comedy, utmost seriousness and coarse vulgarity, but the fact remains that every bit of news you receive from whatever source today is increasingly colored and conditioned by radio. For years newspaper publishers have fought the bad fight, using boycotts, reprisals, intimidation, ridicule and injunctions in a relentless effort to make radio shut its many-tubed mouth, but the end is failure. Today the major press services are selling direct to radio stations; the largest newspaper chains, Hearst and Scripps-Howard, are busily lining up radio chains, and there are now more news broadcasts on the air than at any time since De Forest and other workers with the vacuum tube made broadcasting possible and mediocrity audible.

Things were not always thus. When radio first emerged in the early nineteen-twenties newspapers received it with thoughtless enthusiasm. Here was a brand-new industry mushrooming into being, advertisements for receiving sets were coming in, and [illegible] were dropping, radio's were mounting—about radio activities. As commercial broadcasting developed, it was thought that listing sponsored programs was a pleasant way of complimenting prospective advertisers. This beneficent attitude endured throughout the golden era of Calvin the Silent and Andrew the Tax-Returner until the arrival, seriatim, of Herbert Hoover, 1929 and the crash.

Came the depression, and came trouble for the newspapers. Radio by that time had produced some remarkable selling programs, such as Amos 'n' Andy's campaign for Pepsodent, and radio was new, gadgety and (comparatively) cheap. Harassed advertising managers, confronted with drastically shrunken budgets, were of a mind to try radio and get theoretically equivalent coverage for only a fraction of the cost of printed media. The result was that in 1930 and even more in 1931, while newspapers were showing vicious and in some cases disastrous drops in advertising revenue, the big radio chains marched on to ever greater profits.

The resulting howl from newspapers was no less gentle for being human and understandable. Their

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newspapers. To make matters worse, a new type of program was coming to great popularity. This was the news broadcaster or commentator, led by the trigger-tongued Floyd Gibbons, The Chicago Tribune's gift to journalistic exhibitionism. Contemporary with him were such figures as William Hard, David Lawrence, H. V. Kaltenborn and others who fed the public's growing appetite for news and comment over the air. Radio was not only hamstringing advertising receipts, but it was dishing out free what newspapers had to sell.

After a futile attempt to maintain the too-proud-to-fight, or thou-worm attitude, the newspapers finally lashed out and belted radio on the nose. Early in 1931 the papers said, in effect, that they would be good and damned if they were going to give free advertising to commercial concerns who deserted them for radio, and henceforth all commercial names were to be omitted from program listings. Thus, the Atwater Kent program became "concert hour" and the Clicquot Club Eskimos became "Eskimos orchestra" and radio news items and supplementary publicity were practically abolished.

Things rode along until the spring of 1932, when a crisis was precipitated by the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby. That whole episode was and continues to be a ghastly affair, but it was unquestionably the biggest news story since the World War. The big networks were on the air practically twenty-four hours a day. Radio regularly ran ahead of the fastest newspaper distribution by minutes, hours and even days. Here, beyond any question, was the news-disseminating agency of the future.

Newspapers, however, represent vast and powerful vested interests. Radio stations, allowed to exist solely by reason of ninety-day renewable licenses issued by the federal government, were by no means eager for a trial of strength with the newspapers. Far from following up its advantage, radio did everything possible to recede from newscasting and tried to placate the press. History worked against the attempt. The two national conventions, the bonus marchers, the political campaign kept radio on the air with more and more news—delivered with eyewitness immediacy and color.

The newspapers were beside themselves with rage. Not only was radio wildly and flagrantly invading the news field, but here in mid-1932, in the very valley and bottom of the greatest depression the world had ever known, when any legitimate business should be honestly and decently losing its shirt, the big radio networks kept marching right straight ahead to still greater receipts and still greater profits. The newspapers now came up with blood in their eyes. Following the annual meeting of the National Association of Newspaper Publishers in the spring of 1933, the papers asserted their property rights in the news and flatly decreed that no news could be broadcast unless it was directly gathered by the networks or individual stations themselves.

news commentators got their material largely by buying late editions of the afternoon papers, jotting down a few notes and marching up to the microphone. This process was given some refinements as the news broadcasts grew enormously in popularity and such present-day favorites as Lowell Thomas, Boake Carter and Edwin C. Hill began to appear, but even so, the simple act of "lifting" news from late papers remained a prime factor in radio procedure. With this source closed, the big networks faced the necessity of gathering their own news or taking their very popular and lucrative newscasters off the air.

The networks decided to fight. By collecting hand-outs and by the judicious use of telephone calls to Governors, mayors, chiefs of police and others, radio achieved an astonishingly complete news coverage.

The Columbia Broadcasting System, always fast on its feet, saw an opportunity and made the most of it. Under the leadership of Paul White, veteran of the United Press, Columbia set up its own news service, with correspondents in American and foreign cities, an able editorial staff, leased wires and a fast, terse coverage of world news. They got under way late in the summer of 1933, and within a month it was obvious that they were going places. As a matter of fact, in the fall of 1933 radio had the newspapers licked. The broadcasters were operating independently of the established news services, and they were daily getting on the air with spot news before newspapers could get copies on the street.

In the midst of victory came the call to retreat. There were three main reasons for this. First was the old and never dying fear of newspaper agitation against monopoly. (The federal government in allotting to a radio station one of the very limited number of available wave-lengths does, in fact, without charge confer a monopoly privilege which is thereafter exploited for private profit.) The second reason was that whereas Columbia had a complete news service, its older and larger rival, the National Broadcasting Company, had none, and was thus more disposed to negotiate. The third reason was that in 1933 the depression finally caught up with the big networks. For the first time since they were founded, their receipts and profits showed a drop—it was both slight and temporary, but a drop, none the less—and this made them less arrogant.

There ensued the famous "Biltmore Conference" of December, 1933. In smoke and hate-filled rooms in the Hotel Biltmore in New York City, radio and the newspapers came to terms. But alas, what was hailed officially as radio's Locarno turned out to be radio's Versailles. The two big networks must withdraw completely from gathering their own news, they must restrict their newscasters to "interpretation" and "comment" and the actual broadcasting of news must be confined to two five-minute periods daily, one in the morning [illegible]

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services to the Press-Radio Bureau ("For further details, read your daily newspaper") and the broadcasters would bear the administrative and transmission costs of the Bureau. News announcements must not be sold commercially, must be limited to thirty words per item, and special bulletins were to be issued only on news of "transcendental" importance.

Such savage restrictions were an open invitation to revolt. It came. The two big networks dutifully signed the agreement and it was arranged that the Press-Radio Bureau would start operations on March 1, 1934, but the independent stations were howling bloody murder. It must be remembered that out of a total of approximately 600 radio stations in America, fewer than 200 are affiliated with the big networks and only a small percentage of these are wholly owned and wholly controlled by the networks. Disgruntled affiliates, independent stations, regional groupings such as the Yankee Network and a Northwestern group centering around Seattle, all set out to gather their own news.

By far the most potent entry in this field was Trans-Radio Press Service. This was headed by Herbert L. Moore, a dynamic young Southerner who had worked with Paul White in building up the Columbia News Service and who refused to let a good idea go to waste. Starting with the proverbial shoestring and aided by some Columbia veterans, he was ready to offer a rival service when the Press-Radio Bureau began operations on March 1, 1934. By the end of the year Trans-Radio was clearly leading the independent field, and the Press-Radio Bureau, under pressure of actual broadcasting experience, had removed such silly restrictions as the thirty-words-per-item rule, had allowed more convenient time schedules and was giving a very liberal interpretation of the word "transcendental" in determining the importance of items to be released as bulletins for immediate broadcast. Along came the Hauptmann trial early in 1935. Radio, by the simple elimination of paper, type and presses, was ever and always first with the actual flash news, and the newspapers began to see the inevitable coming.

It was simply impossible to keep news from the radio stations, and the established wire services might just as well sell it to them and thus prevent further radio encroachments in the field of actual news-gathering. This was the most momentous decision in the long history of the press-radio wars, and it was announced following the annual meeting of the National Association of Newspaper Publishers last year. On April 29, 1935, Mr. Hearst's two organizations, International News Service and Universal Service, and the Scripps-Howard child, United Press, offered to sell their services to all radio comers. The Associated Press, a coöperative non-profit organization, was by its charter prevented from selling news, but by paying a certain [illegible] of their annual assessment. Radio Bureau comes up for rejection or renewal on use Associated Press news for their own broadcasts.

Today the situation is wide open for the broadcasting of news. In New York City alone, for instance, there are more than seventy news broadcasts daily, distributed among the various stations. The two great national networks, as networks, adhere rigidly to the Press-Radio agreement and confine themselves to two five-minute periods daily, but they are now practically alone in this. Their member stations, acting individually, are perfectly free to accept sponsored news broadcasts. Most of the N.B.C. stations in the Northeast, for instance, have four daily five-minute periods of news supplied by the United Press and sponsored by Standard Oil of New Jersey. Boake Carter, Lowell Thomas and others of that group continue to be highly popular network features, but they are listed as "commentators" and are confined to items previously released through the official Press-Radio Bureau.

Many newspaper publishers hoped that the entry of the old-line wire services into the field would crush Trans-Radio, but Trans-Radio is now serving some 250 stations, or practically as many as those served by all the old-line news agencies put together. Trans-Radio has its own correspondents and staff in principal American cities and European capitals; makes free use of the technique of direct telephone to the scene of news; maintains the only twenty-four-hour open-wire service in the world; and above all keeps its channels always open for flash, headline news, without clogging the system with the endless columns of background, supplementary, feature and "dope" material that so impede the flow of the old-line wire services. Trans-Radio has scored some notable "beats," such as the Dillinger escape, the correct Hauptmann verdict and the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, and its fast, skeletonized service points the way to news coverage of the future—by radio.

After years of bitter opposition, newspapers are beginning to see the light and there is now a formidable movement toward ownership or alliance with radio stations. Hearst Radio now controls six stations outright, Scripps-Howard owns a station in Cincinnati, and both the Hearst and Scripps-Howard chains are embarked on active campaigns to build up radio alliances. All told, out of 632 radio stations in the United States, there are now 143 that are owned or controlled by newspapers.

Radio networks heatedly deny any censorship of news, other than on the grounds of good taste, meaning the elimination of gory, sordid or nauseous details in stories that are going to families that contain small children, families that are seated at dinner. While there is no overt censorship as such, it is fair to say that radio as a whole parallels the large newspapers as a whole in the—often unconscious—class bias in favor of big ownership.

The present agreement between the publishers and the two big networks concerning the Press-

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although there is a strong bloc of irreconcilables who still object to news services' selling to radio stations. The head of the Bureau is an able and experienced newspaper man, James W. Barrett, city editor of The New York World at the time of its demise in 1931, and his efforts have given general satisfaction both to the newspapers and to the broadcasters. A crucial element in the present situation is the fact that as a whole newspapers showed substantial gains both in circulation and in advertising revenues throughout 1935, and this diverted attention from the radio bugaboo.

Thus, radio and the newspapers are facing the future in a state that might be called armed good will. Science will be the deciding factor. Already the laboratories have developed facsimile transmission to the point where it is now possible to send through the air and print in an attachment to the receiving set in your own home a daily newspaper. It may be some time before any such device comes into general use, but ultimately the newspapers are tied to the horse and buggy. It is radio that has the automobile end of this particular argument.

T. R. CARSKADON.

A Sum in Addition

A Story

COLLINS said: "Sure there's a corkscrew in there. You'll find it chained to the wall. . . . All hotels have 'em." And Menefee answered from the bathroom: "Well, there's not one in *here*. Look for yourselves if you boys don't believe me."

"That's a fine way to treat thirsty drummers," said Red Smith. "I'll write and complain to the management." Then he got up and stretched himself. "I'll look in the closet. Maybe I'll find something to open it with in there."

Menefee came back into the room and put the unopened bottle on the dresser, his head drawn backward and turned at an angle, his eyes squinting up. Then he ground out the cigarette which had been burning between his relaxed lips. "You boys keep your shirts on," he said; "I'll go down and borrow a corkscrew off a bellhop." He put on his coat and went into the hall, closing the door behind him.

Collins sat back and put his legs on the vacant chair, looking lazily over his shoulder at Red Smith, Red was pulling out drawers, or standing tiptoe to peer listlessly at shelves just above his head. Then he stopped, picked up something and came into the room with it. It was a sheet of hotel stationery covered with writing and it had been crumpled into a ball and thrown into the closet.

Red opened the sheet and smoothed it flat. When he had read it, he passed it to Collins, a peculiar look in his eyes. "Read this, Wade," he said.

Collins read slowly, the paper held close to his eyes. At the right of the sheet was the following entry: "Cash on hand $17.45." Then, to the left, were the following entries:

Expenses babyies funeral (about)	$148.00
Wifes hospital bill (about)	65.00
Owe to grocery store	28.17
Back Rent (2 mo.—make it 3)	127.25
Incidentals	25.00
	$394.42

A little farther down the paper were the following words: "Will borrow four hundred dollars from Mr. Sellwood." This sentence was repeated, like an exercise in penmanship, over and over, until the paper was filled with it.

At first the words were written boldly, heavily, and there were places where the pen had broken through the paper behind the determination of the writer; but as the writing progressed the man seemed less sure of himself, as if his courage and his certainty were fading away. The sentences were more perfect here, with an occasional mended letter; they were written more slowly, as if each letter were pondered. The last sentence was not finished at all. It dwindled thinly into wavering illegibility.

Collins had read the thing through and sat with it in his hands. He said sympathetically: "Tough! Tough!" then added: "He knew he couldn't work it out. He knew he was fooling himself; so he crumpled up the paper and threw it in the closet."

Red Smith sat down, resting his elbows on his knees, his bright, coppery hair shining in the light. Suddenly he had a picture of a shabby little man sitting in this same cheap hotel room, going over his problem, over and over, and finding no answer to it. Finally he said: "Don't you suppose Mr. Sellwood let him have the four hundred bucks—Why not?"

Collins sighed, the masonic emblem resting on his fat stomach rising with his breath. He said mockingly: "Of course not, little Sunshine. . . . Of course not! Oh, our friend went to *see* Mr. Sellwood all right—I'm sure of that; but Mr. Sellwood said that times were hard right then and he had a lot of expenses of his own. I guess that's about the way it worked out."

Red lifted his alert face. "I think you're wrong," he said. "I think everything worked out all right."

But Collins shook his head. "Not a chance, young fellow!" he said. "Not a chance!"

Red replied: "Just the same, I think Mr. Sellwood let him have the four hundred bucks. He was an old friend of the family, you see. . . . Then he got a good job for this fellow that paid more money, and this fellow came back home almost running. He came up the steps three at a time to tell his wife. Everything worked out fine for them after that."

"Maybe he met Santa Claus on the way home," said Wade heavily, "and old Santa slipped the money in his stocking." Then he said, more seri-

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other cheap hotel tonight still figuring, and still trying to find an answer, but he won't, because there isn't any for him to find."

The door opened then and Menefee stood before them, a corkscrew in his hand. "Everything's okay," he said. "Everything's all set."

"We'll leave it to Menefee," said Red Smith. "Give him the writing, Wade, and let's see what he thinks."

Collins passed over the paper and Menefee examined it carefully as if he did not understand it. Then he looked at the two men, puzzled a little.

"What's it all about?" he asked. "This don't make sense to me."

Collins shook his head: "Good old Menefee! Trust him!"

Red laughed a little and then said earnestly: "Don't you see the point, Menefee?"

Menefee read the thing through again, turned the paper over and then examined the writing once more. "I'm damned if I do," he said helplessly. Then a moment later he added triumphantly: "Oh sure, sure, I see the point now! Sure I do: It's added up wrong."

Red Smith looked at Collins and they both laughed. "It *is* added up wrong!" said Menefee, indignant and a little hurt. "Eight and five are thirteen and eight are twenty-one . . . seven makes twenty-eight and five thirty-three—not thirty-four like it is here."

But Collins and Red Smith continued to laugh and to shake their heads.

"All right," said Menefee. "I'm dumb; I admit it." Then he pulled in his lips and spoke in a high quavering voice: "Come on, boys: let your poor old grandmother in on the joke!" He picked up the bottle and poured three drinks into three tumblers, grumbling a little to himself: . . . "I never saw such superior drummers in my life as you two," he said.

WILLIAM MARCH.

My Kind

More lovely is the live arrow, the swooping hawk
Than the mind in thought or dream, the pitiful mind
Whose knowledge bewilders the body: look how we creep
And waver and feed on fear, I and my kind.

Lovely and certain as the wind in the air
Is the hawk upon its wings.
And I would not give
For its way, one wretched breath of my own kind
Who, even dying, are aware they live.

I am one who knows we are not dying,
Who live and who have made a word for it;
Who know lives not our own, crawling and flying.

We are enemies of death,
More fervent than the swift and perfect hawk
Whose single knowledge is the fierce heart's breath.

Washington Notes

Our Future Relations with Japan—The Navy Prefers Manila as a Base—Sanctions as a Weapon Against Japan

WITH THE ceremonial smile of his race, Ambassador Hirosi Saito last week informed inquirers the Tokyo assassinations were simply a matter of "misguided patriotism." No one else in Washington is prepared to take them with such calm. It is believed that, while the immediate effect may be to paralyze Japanese military action in Asia, within the relatively near future—perhaps within six months—a crisis is to be expected, involving Japan's relations with China, Russia and the Western powers.

There is general agreement among experts on the subject that the United States will not fight Japan single-handed, no matter what injury is done to our supposed trade interests. This is not because of an excess of pacifism within the administration, but because the navy is unwilling to risk a war. I am assured that the navy has warned the administration that no war can be contemplated until adequate bases in the Pacific are ready.

Midway and Wake Islands and Guam, I am informed, have been considered and rejected. The navy wants a base capable of reconditioning a 33,000-ton battleship. In wartime, among other things, such a base would require several hundred civilian shipyard workers. The maintenance of what would amount to a fair-sized industrial community on one of the Pacific islands is regarded as wholly impracticable. Undoubtedly what the navy would like is a base in Manila Bay. In the event of war, our irreplaceable capital ships could remain there in comparative security until the moment came to fight.

However, for the present, a base at Manila is considered out of the question. American fortifications west of Hawaii are forbidden by the Washington and London treaties, which do not expire until next December. More important, the Filipinos have just celebrated their independence, and would regard the transformation of Manila Bay into a Yankee Heligoland with not unnatural suspicion. With a hostile native population, a naval base would be worth very little.

As naval experts see it, therefore, war with Japan is something for the relatively distant future. Fear of Japan must be whipped up among the Filipinos, so that they will welcome America as a protector, and must be whipped up among the people of this country, so that they will sanction the tremendous expenditures that will be required. Naval experts put der Tag, at the earliest, in the middle 1940's.

As far as the army is concerned, only General MacArthur seems preoccupied with a possible Japanese war. A few months ago General MacArthur resigned as Chief-of-Staff and went to the Philippines to organize a native conscript army, apparently with the idea that such a force could be used to advantage against Japan in the future. Within the last few weeks, a group of artillery officers successfully used the Japanese bogey to obtain extra appro-

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Coast defenses, but war-mongering for budgetary purposes is an old army game, with a minimum of significance. In the army air corps, a few officers profess to fear a Japanese air attack, but such fantasies are officially deprecated.

I am informed that, about three months ago, when the Japanese Kwangtung army first began its pressure on North China, representatives of the State Department, Army and Navy met in Washington to consider the withdrawal of the American troops now stationed at Peiping and Tientsin, and the American patrol boats on the Yangtze River. It was agreed that, because of our military helplessness in the Far East, a clash with the Japanese forces was to be avoided at all cost. Some of those present, however, objected that if our troops and patrol boats were recalled just at the moment of the Japanese advance, foreign countries might conclude that we had reached a secret understanding with Japan. For this reason alone, no action was taken. However, it is the present intention of the administration to withdraw all forces from China at the earliest opportune moment.

If this were all there was to be said about our probable future relations with Japan, we could breathe a sigh of relief. The navy's hoped-for base at Manila is something that we could oppose at our leisure. Unfortunately, however, this is not the whole story. The partial application of economic sanctions to Italy seems to have thrown Far Eastern experts in Washington, London and Moscow into a fever of excitement. At least some of them have become convinced that they have discovered a new and terrible weapon that, under favorable circumstances, could be used with deadly results against Japan. When last week Karl Radek wrote in Izvestia entreating Americans not to lend money to Japan in the event of a Russo-Japanese war, it is believed here that he was preparing for a future appeal to this country to join in economic sanctions.

Japan's vulnerability to sanctions is undisputed. Her industrial economy rests upon the manufacture of cotton and rayon textiles. If Japan could be prevented from importing raw cotton, and if the world's markets could be closed to Japanese textiles, she would suffer severely. A world boycott of all Japanese exports, and an embargo on sales to Japan of cotton, steel scrap, iron ore and petroleum, might suffice to reduce her to impotence.

To suggest that the Roosevelt administration has a fixed intention of using League sanctions against Japan would be wholly untrue. The United States is not a member of the League. Unless the Japanese army were mad enough to attack an international settlement in China—an incredible supposition—the only two countries likely to be victims of Japanese aggression are China and Russia, and an appeal to the League for economic sanctions would need to come from one of them. Almost certainly, the administration would not move until after the League, and probably no faster than England and France did.

In discussing sanctions, several experts have placed great stress on the change that has come about in Russia's international status since the Japanese invasion of 1931. Then many powerful elements were delighted to have Japan push Russia out of northern Manchuria, and Japan gained considerable sympathy as the protector of capitalism against the people and was put into the White House pantry, the League, and the ally of France and the Little Entente. These countries probably could not afford not to support Russia at Geneva. While British business opinion is not at all enthusiastic about Russia, it is definitely hostile to Japan. With all the world united against Japan, the experts ask, is it probable that high-minded America would elect to remain neutral, especially since our trade interests in China would be well served by our joining with the League powers?

These speculations, in my opinion, disregard several important considerations. The brunt of an embargo of Japan would fall on this country, since we are Japan's largest source of raw materials, and her second-best customer. Probably an embargo could not be made fully effective without action by our fleet, and, while we are too far away to fight an independent war with Japan, we are not too far to be dragged into war as the ally of another power. Finally, what possible guarantee can be given us that Japan, like Nazi Germany, would not arise from defeat exactly as blood-thirsty and militaristic as she is now?

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Who's Hoover?—An Attractive Package But a Misleading Label—Using Hollywood's Gentle Arts

BEFORE we get too deeply into this campaign, there is one question we ought to settle. That is: Is there such a person as Herbert Hoover? More than once we have nominated and elected a presidential candidate who did not exist. And now there appear from time to time in the newspapers and, indeed, there go out over the air, speeches by a person purporting to be a certain Herbert Hoover. This is the time to determine whether or not this Herbert Hoover is a real person.

We have a few clues to begin with. We at least know that it is not the same person who gloomed his way through four tearful years as President. As a matter of fact this subject is quite complicated. Because there is also much doubt whether the person who, according to his own account, fought the depression in 1930-33 and signally defeated it, but very secretly, was the same person who went by the name of Herbert Hoover in the years preceding the Great War. There is a widespread belief that the 1929-33 Hoover was a synthetic product and that the present Hoover is also a synthetic product, but compounded from an entirely different formula.

The truth is that years ago, modern selling methods were applied to the business of creating a personality for Mr. Hoover. Competent agents proceeded to put him up in an extremely attractive package, labeled engineer, economist, statesman, humanitarian, etc., and to utilize the best known technique of advertising and publicity to put this package into the home of every American along with Crispo, Ex-Lax, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Campbell's Beans and other nationally advertised brands.

However, after this synthetic product had been sold to

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heartening suspicion that the contents were not quite up to the prospectus. It was in that dreadful era of prohibition when labels had come to mean so little.

For this reason, you will probably remember, there appeared a brand new advertising and publicity campaign in 1931 in which the public was informed that "new Hoover" was on the market. The drive was begun with a full-sized photo with Mr. Hoover's countenance overspread with a sympathetic grin. But the new package didn't sell and ultimately in 1932 it was dusted out of the White House amidst one of the most complete and perfect fizzles in the history of the nation.

Somehow the idea began to get around that Mr. Hoover was too glum. His countenance was perhaps almost the worst possible one in America for use in connection with the theory that the way to end a depression was by raising public confidence. The poor man had in his vocal repertoire just two notes, one of which he used to intone nearly all the syllables of the sentence and the other, several tones lower than the first, he saved for the final syllable. The effect on listeners was to suggest thoughts of suicide or bankruptcy. How many men went out and hung up the shutters on the store after listening to a Hoover speech, no one will ever know.

However, in the fullness of time he was squelched by the people and the air waves heard his two notes no more. Now three years have elapsed. He yearns for renovization. And now, apparently, a crew has gone to work to produce another "new Hoover." This time it is to be a gay Hoover, full of bright, cheery quirks and merry quips. The voice has been supplied with several more notes. The face has been rebuilt and a new system of lighting installed. In other words, Mr. Hoover has resorted to the art of make-up. The new package is labeled—H. Hoover, Happy Engineer.

But after all, is this the real Hoover? There ought to be an investigation. We ought to determine how far we wish to introduce the make-up methods of Hollywood and the stage dressing room into the business of solving our national difficulties. We ought to discover if this voice we hear over the air and these oratorical caprices we read in the papers are coming from a real person or a synthetic robot who delivers the combined talents of a group of showmen.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Statesmen

Patman and Pittman
Pitter and patter;
One of them's thinner,
The other one's fatter.

One is for bonus
Inflation and parity;
The other's for silver
War and neutrality.

Both from the thin one
And also the fatman—
The good Lord preserve us
From Pittman and Patman!

On the Labor Front

A Campaign Document for Industrial Unions —Company Unions Wax Strong— Craft Unions Lose Ground

IF JOHN L. LEWIS had wanted the government to prepare a campaign document for his drive for industrial unions, he could not have asked for anything better than the pamphlet on company unions recently issued by the United States Department of Labor. The pamphlet I refer to is the second part of a study on the "Extent and Characteristics of Company Unions," and it deals with the extent of this type of employer-employee relations. It reveals, on the one hand, the enormous headway made by company unions in the mass-production industries and on the other, it exposes in merciless fashion the weakness of craft-union organization in these fields. The Department of Labor does not say this in so many words, of course, but the statistical record presented in the pamphlet speaks for itself.

The study is based on a questionnaire sent to 43,000 firms in April, 1935, and the striking fact it discloses is that the prevalence and size of company unions is directly proportional to the size of the plant. In contrast, the existing trade-union movement (mainly of the craft-union type) becomes increasingly ineffective in the larger plants. In this respect, the following table is especially illuminating, for it gives (in percentages) the method of dealing with employees in plants of different sizes:

Size of Plant	*Individually*	*Through Trade Unions*	*Through Company Unions*
1 to 49 workers	85.0	14.3	.6
50 to 99 "	73.7	23.4	2.7
100 to 199 "	66.0	27.2	5.8
200 to 499 "	54.4	33.0	11.0
500 to 999 "	39.8	37.7	16.9
1,000 to 2,499 "	28.0	40.0	24.9
2,500 to 4,999 "	20.0	30.0	41.4
5,000 workers and over.....	8.0	16.0	48.0

The Department of Labor admits that this table (based solely on information furnished by employers) probably understates the real strength of the company unions, but before we consider this aspect of the matter let us see what the table itself shows. We see that the percentage of establishments dealing with their employees on an individual basis falls sharply as the size of the plant increases; the percentage dealing through trade unions rises until it reaches establishments of 2,500 or larger, and then falls abruptly; meanwhile the percentage dealing through company unions increases steadily and reaches its peak in the largest plants (which are mainly in the mass-production industries).

In manufacturing as a whole more than 25 percent of the workers are in company unions, while less than 20 percent are protected by trade-union agreements. If one takes the industries in which modern industrial technique is most advanced, one finds company unions increasingly predominant. In the telegraph and telephone industry, the company union is practically the "only significant method of dealing" with employees. Nearly 80 percent of the

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plans. In the chemical industry 55 percent are in company unions, while only 13 percent are in trade unions. Likewise in rubber, a vast majority are in company unions. In the durable-goods industries (iron and steel, machinery, transportation and equipment, lumber, stone, clay and glass products) more than twice as many workers are in company unions as in trade unions. This ratio would be even more unfavorable to the trade unions if the Department of Labor had been able to get adequate figures on the iron and steel industry. But one of the largest units in this field (could it have been the United States Steel Corporation?) refused to answer the questionnaire with respect to the workers in its subsidiary corporations. It is well known, however, that these workers, numbering more than 50,000, are almost without exception covered by company unions.

Quite clearly, these figures show up the weakness of the American Federation of Labor. This is not news, to be sure, but it is encouraging to have the government itself expose so thoroughly and so convincingly the failure of craft unions when they come up against modern industry. It need hardly be added that the mining industry, organized on an industrial-union basis, is far ahead of any other major classification from the standpoint of organization; 86.6 percent of the miners are unionized, while only 2.4 percent are in company unions. The second best is the wearing-apparel industry, with semi-industrial unions (54.6 percent in trade unions and 5.4 percent in company unions).

Incidentally, the craft unionists seem to be retreating. The first indication of this was when the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers offered to take in the radio workers on a basis that would have permitted them to retain their industrial form of organization. The radio unions, though industrial, would have been a subdivision of the Brotherhood. Similarly, last week the International Association of Machinists agreed to admit to membership twenty-five industrial unions formerly affiliated with the Federation of Metal and Allied Unions. The Machinists have also agreed to charter as an affiliate the Transport Workers' Union with its industrial form of organization and its jurisdiction to organize all employees on New York City's transit lines. Thus, while the craft unionists have been unwilling to issue independent charters to industrial unions, they are apparently quite willing to concede (through these affiliation gestures) that the industrial form of union has merit and purpose in some fields. While this will probably not satisfy the automobile, steel and other workers who want industrial unions of their own, it is a considerable step forward from the Atlantic City convention last October, when industrial unions were denounced as socialistic in origin and utterly alien to the American scene. John L. Lewis, who has a sense of humor, should thoroughly enjoy these strange acrobatics.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Violence and Labor

SIR: In my opinion The New Republic has been taking inconsistent positions on questions involving labor disputes. Thus:

1. It uniformly opposes the use of force or violence when such force or violence is directed against labor, yet
2. It, with almost equal uniformity, fails adversely to criticize the use of force or violence when the aggressor is a union.

An example of the opposition to force falling within the first category is hardly needed, but it may be well briefly to refer to the following example of the lack of opposition to force falling within the second category: In the issue of February 19, the general strike in Pekin, Illinois, is referred to with commendation, and no adverse criticism is made against (a) the use of force and violence by the strikers in preventing "the company-union members" (to use Mr. Trowbridge's phrase), who presumably were former employees, from working, and (b) the use of threats against businesses which wished to remain open, in opposition to the general strike.

Now, either the use of force in a labor dispute is right or it is wrong, or the propriety thereof is to be determined by whether the user is an aggressor or a defender, but the righteousness of violence certainly does not depend solely upon the party using it. Yet, even when labor is the aggressor in the use of violence, and even when labor has attacked old workers who do not wish to strike, the voice of The New Republic has not been raised in criticism thereof. (See, for example, the absence of criticism of the unprovoked attacks on fellow workers in the New York City taxicab strike in 1933.)

It seems to me that the proper attitude, the only attitude consistent with liberal thought, is to oppose unprovoked violence by either party to a labor dispute—to criticize violence as such on the part of any aggressor—and I should, therefore, appreciate it if you would publish this letter and [illegible] tant inconsistency in the policy pursued by The New Republic.

New York City. HERBERT W. HALDENSTEIN.

[The definition of an issue may often falsify a position and mislead reason. Thus, according to our correspondent, the only issue is "Do you like violence?" To this question we must answer no. But that is not the whole story, any more than it is the whole story when the world is wracked by war or revolution. There is also the issue of what provoked the violence, and the issue of which cause one espouses. We should be delighted if labor were always accorded justice and consequently violent disputes did not arise. But if labor is not accorded justice, and violence follows, we do not feel compelled to condemn labor's cause simply on account of the violence, regrettable as that violence may be. In other words, we do not, as our correspondent would have us do, maintain complete indifference to the issues of labor disputes, except on the point as to which side may be the aggressor.—THE EDITORS.]

Montana Rejects Vardis Fisher

SIR: On last September 9, a former member of the faculty of the University of Montana appeared before the Montana State Board of Higher Education and read some excerpts, carefully selected, after the fashion of immature readers overbothered by sex, from Vardis Fisher's "Passions Spin the Plot." The State Board passed a resolution ordering this book and "all books of a similar character" removed from the Greater University of Montana.

By this ban the state rejects its claim to an author most significant in present-day writing: Vardis Fisher taught at the University for two quarters during 1933, and it would seem that a university as devoid of fame or publication as is Montana would be only too eager to "point with pride."

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Objection Entered

SIR: The review by Horace English of Müller-Freienfels' "The Evolution of Modern Psychology" appearing in your issue of February 19 has just come to my attention, and I venture to suggest, I hope without offense, that if Mr. English had taken pains to read the title of the book correctly it would perhaps have been less misleading to him, and his review might have been less misleading to your readers. There is an obvious difference between the words "contemporary" and "modern." The first refers to the more or less immediate present, and the second quite properly to anything within the past fifty years. I believe most of the faults which Mr. English finds in the book would tend to disappear if the correct title were kept in mind. Accuracy, at least of the title and its implications, should, I feel, be a *sine qua non* of any review, but especially so when the reviewer uses the title as the springboard for his attack.

NORMAN V. DONALDSON.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.

A Mild Ribbing

SIR: I think Mr. Frank Norris comes in for a mild ribbing on the piece which covers "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" [The New Republic, January 29], and which also goes a little out of its way to be persnickety about jazz fans in general. Mr. Norris approaches an unexplored and difficult medium in a safe way, which is to say he manages to be rather simultaneous with both yes and no himself, while getting hoity-toity about those who, right or wrong, elect to go in for one or the other. Well this is commendable as practice, but as to execution it is going to gripe some, including those of us who have known about and delighted in jazz for some time, without ever feeling impelled either to make a career as commentators thereupon or to use the confession of how yesterday we were sitting around like a lot of Dadaists, as a build-up for the idea that today we are a lot of very wise guys indeed.

Of course the criticism of jazz is still largely inarticulate and silly: it has not the chit-chat, rule-of-thumb tradition that bolsters the inarticulate silliness of those in the more solemn arts who also do not do but will talk about it vastly. But because the critics of a medium haven't got well established is no reason why the medium itself should be treated with raised eyebrows—very amusing of the natives and all that sort of thing, including no end. American jazz is fine music, and the more it is being accepted as such the better. (The more those who once thought of themselves as occultly tending the lamp will now find themselves holding the bag no doubt, and too bad, no doubt.) The music itself is the thing, not what fools line its edges. In time it will build its body of criticism, and the good critics will never be those Mr. Norris scores off, I am sure. And I will add slyly that I am also sure they will not be caught, in reviewing records for Town and Country or Field and Stream or whatever it is (are you there, Mr. Norris?), confusing Louis Armstrong's present big-time, manicured stage orchestra with the old bands of six or seven pieces, all jamming; and then, in the same public pronouncement, of including in this rather surprising ensemble the piano player Teddy Wilson, who of course was never near it, but who if he had been would have shown through handsomely, as gay, perfect and completely unmistakable as ever.

New York City. OTIS FERGUSON.

SIR: Since the burthen of Mr. Ferguson's song is merely a paraphrase of the few conclusions I drew in "The Music Goes 'Round and Around," I am unable to discover whether he is kidding me or quoting me. Or is this simply a case of there being not quite enough lamps to go around among the aspiring tenders?

New York City. FRANK NORRIS.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

George Soule's recent series of articles on the Soviet Union, printed under the title, "Does Socialism Work?" has brought forth New York, thinks the series should be reprinted in pamphlet form and is sure that such a pamphlet would be of great value to him in his work of teaching history. The pamphlet suggestion is also made by Isidor Schneider of New York City, who found the series "one of the best arguments for the liberal approach that I have ever heard," and by George N. Falconer of Pasadena, California, who offers to sell 1,000 of the pamphlets himself and says "Give the people the facts and they will find the way." G. E. Berry of East Lynn, Massachusetts, praises the "balance, courage and capacity" shown in the writing of the articles. A. Bozic of Indianapolis says that he wants to add his voice to what he is sure must be a "general chorus of acclaim and approval" and a reader in Berkeley, California, finds it "one of the best pieces of reporting" in recent journalism.

The League of American Writers announces that the first issue of its new Quarterly will go to press on March 20 and will contain stories and poems in addition to general articles and literary criticism. Contributions and correspondence are invited from all writers. The address of the League is 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

O. W. Willcox, whose book, "Nations Can Live at Home," was reviewed in our October 30, 1935, issue by Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, sends us a copy of a pamphlet, "What Is This Agrobiology?" in which he attempts to clear up popular misconceptions of the subject, including those he thinks are held by Secretary Wallace. Dr. Willcox says that agrobiology, far from being a "horrendous concoction of the imaginings of scientists," is basically a means of measuring the "quantity of life" that may reside in any species of plant.

The Teachers' Union of New York City calls our attention to several cases of teachers in the Eastern District High School of New York City who were demoted or discharged allegedly because of their union activities. . . . Miss Dorothy Holmes announces the formation of the Minnesota Emergency Teachers' Association, 613 Pioneer Building, Saint Paul, Minnesota, composed of teachers employed on W.P.A. projects in Minnesota, and would be glad to hear from persons or organizations interested in similar activities.

The Scottsboro Defense Committee, from its headquarters at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, announces a new drive for funds and will welcome contributions sent to that address. . . . A Committee for the Release of Jacques Roumain, the Haitian author who has been imprisoned for a year, has been formed in New York City with Carleton Beals as national chairman. Headquarters are at 74 Macdougal Street, New York City.

What's on the Air?

For its possible usefulness to our readers, we present below a selection of the speeches probably most worth hearing, to be broadcast on the national networks during the week in which this issue of The New Republic reaches its subscribers. We shall continue to publish such lists if the response from our readers indicates that they find the service valuable. All times given are Eastern Standard.—THE EDITORS.

Lewis Gannett, book reviewer of The New York Herald Tribune, will give the first of a new series of discussions of current books. March 5, 5. P. M., C.B.S.

Secretary Hull will speak on national problems, including the question of foreign trade. March 5, 8:30 P. M., C.B.S.

Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, will describe the Communist position in 1936. March 5, 10:45 P. M., C.B.S.

Former President Hoover speaks in Colorado Springs. March 7, 10 P. M., C.B.S.

Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of The Journal of the American Medical Association, will speak on the problem of the deaf. March 10, 5 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Professor W. F. Dodd of Yale, speaks on the constitutional powers of the national government. March 10, 7:45 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

A group of members of Congress will discuss current problems.

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End of Summer Again

Love on the Dole, by Ronald Gow and Walter Greenwood. Shubert Theatre, February 24, 1936.

End of Summer, by S. N. Behrman. Guild Theatre, February 17, 1936.

TO MY remarks on Mr. Behrman's play at the Guild Theatre and the problem of a stage expression of ideas, I must add a language point. In the first place, those who know the theatre will know that language spoken there is no longer the same language. A kind of perspective enters in, a change in scale, and so on, by which, for example, the English language is no longer English but theatre. It is equally true that, compared to a language like French, Spanish or Italian, English lacks formal construction, and a certain tinge of the abstract. It lacks also that aspect of rationality which those Latin languages may exhibit. Nor can English move so naturally into eloquence, or pass as a matter of due course into what is precisely articulate. This amounts to saying that we do not talk as these races do, which is a platitude implying that we are different. The great qualities of the English language, its specialness, individuality, its idiom, its incredible variety, et cetera, make up a particular and very difficult problem for a writer. For a dramatic writer the problem is doubled. The reward is immense if he succeeds, but so is the flatness if he fails.

To Mr. Behrman's credit we may note that the characters in his play express more than they say, which means that they are created; but that when he does need to make them verbally expressive, they become so, and we have not the desperate sense, so common to our drama, that the attempt and not the deed confounds us. "Love on the Dole," the new importation from London, makes an interesting item—as they say at auctions—in juxtaposition with the Behrman play. The defect in this British piece is, essentially, a defect in creativeness. The play is not necessarily about the dole at all; it is a story of people trying to live under abject conditions of poverty, be that mines, depression or what not. So far as any social idea goes, the play is amiable but of small significance. As in all this second-rate writing, whatever ideas there are in "Love on the Dole" appear as tag lines. Sometimes in these lines the statement is too explicit. To be explicit means that you do not create—you label and explain. What comes to us is practically inorganic; the points are not implicit and alive, but planted and, as it were, predigested. Miss Hiller, as the heroine, is a passable actress, urgent rather than intense; but the slow method and the resolute motifs of this play would block even a much better player. The only way, for example, to do her last act—the leaving home—would be to ignore most of the lines said and to live what the dramatist was not able to express. Despite the ballyhoo, it is Mr. Reginald Bach, as the father, Henry Hardcastle, who gives by far the best performance of the evening. There are also a number of other sincere and right performances in the Manchester school tradition. Conviction and fidelity are in evidence. The fatal thing that happens is familiar enough by now: actors who do not incarnate a degree of glamor are led by such a school both aged and immortal. This is the sort of stage mama, father, son, for example, as the Hardcastle son, gives a sterling performance, but quite tedious. You merely get the impression that this is excellent, is Harry Hardcastle himself, but that Harry should not have gone on the stage.

In connection with this school of drama, it is to be noted, too, that the tone, text and completeness of such plays as "Hindle Wakes," once so dun and valorous, are seen now in a different light. Their value is as evident; their consummate achievement shines less.

The acting-directing side of "End of Summer" is remarkably happy. Mr. Philip Moeller understands this sort of comedy both as theatre and as literate stage art. He understands the fluency needed for such impacts of divers personality. The ideas expressed here and there do not overwhelm him as getting into big stuff. Thus it is he escapes that curious vulgarity often felt on Broadway when anything mental—shall we say—is promulgated. It would be interesting—if cruel—to see Mr. Behrman's comedy done by a director of the good old punch-and-pause school. Things that are now right would then be featured, and the tone would give place to putting it over. Putting it over means here putting the lines over; more is needed from the director if something larger than the lines is to be conveyed. Mr. Behrman can be jolly well thankful that he has a director who can think of culture without a capital letter. On the other hand, it would do no harm, by way of perfecting the first act, to put the accent where it belongs in "acclimated": on the "i."

The casting for this play is excellent; the whole performance of the company keeps a most unusual level. Miss Ina Claire works too hard in her first scenes. The quick movement and the aviary voice get choppy, chirpy and too prone toward commotion. At the same time, the skill is engaging. In the scene where Leonie hears that the psychoanalyst loves her daughter, Miss Claire does quickly, and without rubbing it in, a very fine piece of acting, a moment, shrunken, tragic, but kept in the right scale with the play and with her playing as a whole.

Mr. Osgood Perkins gives one of many competent performances that might be assigned to the role of the psychoanalyst doctor, who, among many other motifs, dreams of the family money and the daughter's love. Miss Doris Dudley, as the daughter, has a genuine quality for the stage, to which she is so new; and Mr. Van Heflin as the Amherst graduate, starting the leftist magazine, though he remains as yet a complete amateur, is convincingly and merrily cast. Both this role and that of the professor-scientist, so very well played by Mr. Herbert Yost, are written by Mr. Behrman full of point and meat, but mindful of the power of delight and joy. Mr. Shepperd Strudwick, as the rich girl's leftist fiancé, gives all the signs of a kind of inner rightness, even of noble sincerity. As a technical player Mr. Strudwick needs to study his cueing, especially in the first scene; it needs variety in timing and more sense of living impulse. Miss Mildred Natwick as the grandmother was technically brilliant, though the remark seems foolish in the presence of an exalted and cerebral performance such as our theatre rarely sees. Here is an actress still well under thirty, playing, with no manifest tricks, old age, and creating an effect of mind and soul

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Million Dollar Baby

REBECCA WEST'S new novel[1] would seem less disappointing if almost anybody else had signed it. One expects of her I don't know just what, but at any rate something better than a manual of happy marriage in high society. Her wit is so sharp and usually so accurate that one wants it to be aimed at more important characters than any that appear in this story.

Isabelle Tarry, the "thinking reed" of the title, is a beautiful, highly educated and almost exceedingly rich young American widow who is living in France and looking for a husband—let us call her an idealized Barbara Hutton. The husband she finds, after a series of accidents and a nicely calculated fit of hysteria, is Marc Sallafranque, a bull-necked, puppy-footed manufacturer of automobiles not big enough to hold his barrel of a body. He owns a factory that was built with funds advanced by the French government, and now the government insists that he quit gambling or lose his subsidy (his men have read about his losses and are grumbling). Isabelle surprises herself by falling in love with him after marriage, but she detests his friends of the international set—Ferdy Monck and Poots and Prince Ostrogin and all the other members of that semi-monastic order of pleasure seekers bound by strict vows of wealth, unchastity and disobedience. Marc detests them too, and eventually they drive him into such a rage that he gets drunk at Le Touquet and staggers to the gambling tables with a towering stack of chips. His whole career is in danger. Isabelle measures the chances and coldly decides to stop him by simulating hysteria for a second time. She slaps her friend Luba, shrieks out that her husband is deceiving her, and generally acts her part with such vigor that she loses her unborn child. Blaming Marc for the accident, she cannot forgive him or tolerate his kisses, and it is a long time before Beauty yields again to the quite kindly Beast—in other words, before she realizes "that her life would not be tolerable if he were not always there to crush gently her smooth hands with his strong short fingers."

This last sentence might serve as the happy ending of almost any story in the women's magazines; but the book as a whole is far better than that. Isabelle's character, with its combination of cold self-analysis and violent action, is convincingly portrayed (my only criticism would be that she thinks like a woman of forty rather than a woman of twenty-six). The two scenes in which she simulates hysteria are climaxes skillfully contrived to include all sorts of issues. At other times the text abounds in wise and picturesque generalities. Thus, Poots the villainess "had the voice which had been fashionable among English-women for some years, a tired and timbreless gabble which made a curious claim to sense, which pretended that though the speaker was late, or in debt, or taken in adultery, it was the very contrary of her fault, since she had been besieged by people inferior to herself, who had urged upon her a delay so great, a financial policy so extravagant, a sexual habit so profuse, that the lesser degree of her actual fault made it appear by contrast a virtue, or at least an unusually practical and restrained way of dealing with the situation." Poots tried to snare a rich American by letting her eyelids droop and assuming an expression "that made her face look like an unmade bed." Isabelle in her early pictures had "the pasteurized look of a wealthy orphan." Indeed, there is hardly a page in the book without its brilliant metaphor.

Given all these qualities of character, plot and style—given much more than we receive in the ordinary novel—what else have we the right to expect? Is it not unjust to apply standards of our own and to insist that the author should write her novel with social as well as psychological acuteness?—The answer is that Miss West justifies and even encourages this sort of criticism by arousing expectations that she does not fulfill. Intermittently she is conscious that her subject has a social meaning; she has the air of promising to treat it somewhere at greater length. She is not incorrigibly frivolous, and that is the real difficulty. Indeed, she keeps reminding us that most of the men in her story fought through the War, that some of the women barely escaped with their lives from the Russian revolution, that many of the characters were either threatened or thrilled by the French labor movement, and that all of them—she is dealing with the year 1928—would soon be plunged into a new crisis. Some would probably go under—Marc Sallafranque, for example, is a character obviously suggested by André Citroën, who lost both his automobile corporation and his life as a result of the depression. In any case, her whole story is overshadowed by the catastrophes that preceded and followed it; her characters are dwarfed by events of which they are conscious vaguely or not at all.

She might answer that without doing violence to these characters she could not make them wiser. Thus, Isabelle would scarcely understand the strikes at her husband's factory, would have little interest in the Russian revolution even when talking to refugees, and would find no weightier comment on social problems than the question with which she answered Marc's question: "What would you have us do? Go Bolshevik?"—"Why not?" But an author cannot absolve himself of responsibility by citing the limitations of his characters. He is always at liberty to introduce new characters, or to make side-remarks of his own—as Miss West often does on subjects of minor interest.

Once the reader begins to question her scale of values, he finds many doubtful points in the story. Isabelle's hysteria, for example—was it really as calculated as the author wants us to believe, or was the heroine expressing a deep psychological need for disorder that was characteristic of her purposeless age? Were Isabelle and Marc really so much different in their standards from the lay priests of pleasure among whom they lived? Was the living Poots an unredeemedly vulgar adventuress, or merely a woman against whom the author has been nourishing a personal grudge? Was Isabelle's reconciliation with Marc the beginning of a new life for her, or was it merely an episode to be followed by other hysterical outbursts, by threats of separation and suicide? Maybe the answer to all these questions is that one cannot know people even as individuals without having a pretty clear idea of the society in

[1] The Thinking Reed. The Viking

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Race as Myth

We Europeans, by Julian Huxley, A. C. Haddon and A. M. Carr-Saunders. New York: Harper and Brothers. 260 pages. $2.50.

WE ARE again in the midst of one of those recrudescences of popular excitement about race with which history is spotted as liberally as with epidemics of disease. The present focus of infection is of course Nazi Germany, but at other times it has arisen in other places and has had similar results. In all the outbreaks one general observation holds true: what is felt and done about race bears no relation at all to what is known about race. It is one of the functions of this book to make this clear by pointing out what is known about the "races" of Europe and, quite as important, what is not known.

The public thinks that by "race" the anthropologists mean a biological entity of which the members are related by blood through descent from common ancestors. These are questions of fact and laymen think that scientists know these facts. This is public error number one. Scientists do not know any "race" as a biological entity comparable to the races of animals and plants. The biologist, the anthropologist and the statistician who combined to write this book deny in fact that "race" as applied to man has any definable biological meaning at all. They speak throughout of ethnic groups or types.

What then gives the idea of race its power as one of the great social forces? Clearly it is not what is *known* but what is felt about it. The idea itself as skillfully analyzed by these authors turns out to be a mixture of national, religious, linguistic and cultural traditions and aspirations. It operates as myth and derives its strength from just those vague but powerful elements surrounding other folk myths.

Considerable entertainment and interest can be derived from the historical survey needed to document this view. The shifting tides of European ethnic and cultural history have left upon the present shores of that continent as mixed and mingled a lot of human flotsam as one is likely to find anywhere. If your faith in the purity and separateness of races survives the test of guessing at the geographic or national origins of the sixteen European faces that form the frontispiece, you may safely set up shop as a wizard.

Then read the story of the vain struggle of anthropology to arrive at a physical classification of races. Color and form of hair, skin and eyes, stature, the form of the nose, and that last great shibboleth, head form, have all had their day, and not one has provided a reliable criterion of "race." The reasons for this are to be sought in the new evidence provided by genetics, the modern study of heredity. The authors show that human hereditary differences can only be understood in terms of those stable units of living matter, the genes. These constitute the only physical heritage parents transmit to their children; and the ways in which they separate and recombine in sexual reproduction, crossing the barriers of race and nationality through the continual mingling of human populations, show not only why pure races do not exist but how remote is the possibility that they should ever arise in the modern world. (After avoiding the pitfalls into which pre-Mendelian anthropologists fell—and into which many still fall—the authors show how difficult it is to avoid error by themselves speaking of Caucasian or Mongol genes.)

Throughout the book we find evidence that the authors are interested not only in facts but also in truth. One [illegible] myths of Nordic or Aryan or Bantu superiority as propagated by Hitler or Rosenberg or by their predecessors Gobineau or Houston Chamberlain or Madison Grant or the witch doctors of Central Africa. Part of the definition of a scientific man is that he should not fall for such nonsense, and to this criterion our authors fully measure up.

Instead of talking about an Aryan race they describe the curious history of the word Aryan and its use. It was taken from Sanskrit by Sir William Jones at the end of the eighteenth century and used to distinguish the speakers of certain Indian languages. Later it was applied to a larger group of languages having factors in common with the Aryan group. Then on an unlucky day in the mid-nineteenth century the philologist Max Muller used the term "Aryan race." He immediately recognized the error of identifying language with race, saying: "To me an ethnologist who speaks of Aryan race . . . is as great a sinner as a linguist who speaks of a dolichocephalic dictionary." His mistake, although it died early in science, lived in literature; and thus arose, truly out of talk alone, that strange imaginary creature, the Aryan man.

The authors have seen the need of our time for objective discussion and understanding of racial problems and have set out to destroy the pseudo-science and prejudice with which all of these questions have long been encrusted. But they have done more. They have given a brief but critical description of the varied kinds of men who have formed the cultural history of Europe. For the layman this should replace the long outworn "Races of Europe" which was the stock in trade of previous writers. They have written in one chapter a statistical survey of the greatest ethnic movement of modern times, the peopling of the Americas, Australasia and South Africa with European man.

Some anthropologists may bridle at the cavalier treatment accorded to some of the stock phrases of their science. The public, however, need feel only grateful that three writers of authority with honesty and ability to write well (and fired with some dismay over the misuse of truth in the Nazi state) have given them a good book to read. It is just what "We Europeans" need. L. C. DUNN.

Better Dead, Unless—

Why Keep Them Alive? by Paul De Kruif. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 293 pages. $3.

AFTER years of hero-worshiping, reporting, interpreting, shouting the achievements of life-saving sciences, the author of this book suddenly woke up to a realization of another side to the picture. All the death-fighting, hunger-fighting accomplishments of these silent heroes are not being made available for the masses of humanity who need them most. Here is a civilization where scientists have developed a preventive serum to make diphtheria a needless contagion, but where every year thousands of children in America are allowed to die of this disease; where knowledge of tuberculosis, if applied, could wipe out this disease in ten years, but where the number of consumptives actually increased in thirteen leading cities in the year just past; a civilization where agricultural assets are the richest and most adequate of any country, but where hundreds of thousands are half-starving and dying miserable deaths from any number of preventable diseases because of a poverty that deprives them of the basic necessities of life. Mr. De Kruif proves all this by an immense accumula-

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with experts in Washington and elsewhere; not the politicians, but the workers in public health, in the Department of Agriculture, with doctors and social workers; he toured the country, inspecting debt-ridden farmers unable to supply their own children with milk, though they had cows; city tenements full to overflowing with starving and dying children; and so heard and saw the details of the sad story from the inside. He examined figures from group studies by our Department of Agriculture; from hospital records; from vital statistics. The result is a tale that lacks nothing in the way of circumstantial corroboration. It is, in truth, so overwhelming that it would be impossible for anyone to challenge any essential feature of it.

With commendable restraint, the author is content to lay the blame on an economic system that puts greed above the saving of life. The remedy, in brief: junk a system that has failed so miserably in a matter so vital.

> "If you own the credit, if you as our government head men command the credit to pay our farmers *not* to raise the food that our half-starved children need—
> "Then, we're sorry, respected sirs, but we're afraid we're going to have to ask you to get to hell out of here in a strictly orderly way. . . . And for the still deprived mass of humanity . . . just let them see the light, just let the millions of honest determined men . . . get seeing this scandal *all at the same time.*"

The book is written in the same lively, dramatic style as De Kruif's other works and carries conviction.

R. A. KOCHER.

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LOVE ON THE DOLE
with WENDY HILLER

Our Un-Neutrality

American Neutrality: 1914-1917, by Charles Seymour. New Haven: Yale University Press. 194 pages. $2.

IT HARDLY seems possible that Professor Seymour intended this 194-page book for serious students of our entrance into the World War. On analysis it turns out to be a skillful selection of information in itself accurate, marshaled here to prove one point and there to be ignored as of no consequence, and always to combat fallacies which no serious student ever accepted. The main thesis of the book is stated as follows:

> . . . the German submarine campaign. There lay the basic cause of American intervention. It is historically isolated, as one isolates a microbe. This can be asserted with confidence, since it is the one cause which if removed would have left us at peace. Without the submarine, we should not have entered the War, whatever other circumstances were operative.

But even with this oversimplification as a guide, Professor Seymour does not keep his record straight. He is at some pains to relieve the bankers and munitions makers of any special guilt for pushing us into the War. Even if his argument is accepted it does not absolve the general economic system, in which these men are but special communities, from the onus of creating the conditions that brought on our participation. As the writer pointed out to representatives of the Nye committee, an indictment of special groups within the system is chiefly valuable as propaganda against the system as a whole. However, while relieving the bankers and munitions makers of unique guilt, Professor Seymour sees the larger aspects of the situation quite clearly, as the following quotation illustrates:

> The second reason for not pushing the diplomatic conflict with the Allies [the first being the intrusion of the submarine controversy at crucial moments to the point of retaliatory measures] lay in the economic interests of America. Any practicable measures designed to enforce our interpretation of international law would have ruined the interests they meant to safeguard . . . would certainly have ruined not merely the "war babies" of industry, but the cotton and wheat growers, the copper producers, the iron and steel workers, and have thrown the country back into the bleak depression and unemployment from which it had just emerged.

Having thus identified and described the bath, Dr. Seymour proceeds not only to throw out the babies (the bankers and munitions makers) but the tub as well, and to arrive at the perfectly astonishing conclusion that "we know as a historical fact that no effective pressure was exercised" by economic interests, though he has earlier stated that "such factors must have weighed appreciably with the President." This effort to have the argument coming and going is completely baffling.

What Dr. Seymour ignores is also interesting. In dealing with Lansing he makes no mention of the policy of delaying notes to the British in the hope that Germany would raise an issue and perhaps create a reason for a break (which she eventually did); nor does he mention Colonel House's contribution to the British policy of delay, a pressure which played directly on Wilson and is denounced by Ray Stannard Baker; nor is any discussion

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groups whom they financed, on William Gibbs McAdoo to get Bryan's ruling against public loans rescinded; nor of the many unofficial arrangements concluded between the British authorities and American business interests to get essential raw materials released, thus tying the latter to the British kite and profoundly influencing their point of view. In fact Dr. Seymour tries to dispose of a tremendous case by resorting to verbal trickery: the bankers and munitions makers were not uniquely guilty, but the whole American economy was wound up in the affair; the many serious potential breaks with the Allies were never pushed to an issue but we fought the Germans; therefore the economic influence did not exist.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

Kirstein: Verse and Prose

Low Ceiling, by Lincoln Kirstein. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 99 pages. $2.

KIRSTEIN tries to reduce the mannerisms of amateur versification to a science, and as a result his worst "disks of clipped talk" rival Savonarola Brown's—thus, "The sun eclipsed is and senseless moon / Gives only light enough to spell 'Keep out.'" His policy toward rhyme and meter is to treat 'em rough; and they take their revenge. But let us leave all this largely to the right-hand margins, as it were, and concentrate down the middle of pages upon the passionate sentiment of an interesting person.

Born of parents distinguished for public spirit, Kirstein looked about him on gilt society to find its *noblesse oblige*, and never found it:

> Here's a man solemn with lack of bread,
> He's quite unkempt and eager for our proof.
> We can spare him as much as he might spare,
> If we were friendless, homeless and at sea.
> Only we don't or can't or won't.

Meanwhile he was constructing elaborations upon two seemingly glamorous examples of the grave-snatching professions: gentleman-farming and archeology. The phantasm of nobility fused with the nobility of tradition (humanism with a small h). Ominously each appeared to him in the shape of a phantom. Then there came to him that Spectre which for a hundred years has been haunting Europe. Communism haunts the better as well as the major part of his poems. There is no doubt that the Spectre is more real to him than the phantoms and fantasies were. His poem on the most recent civil war in Rhode Island convinces the reader that the poet is convinced that God lets the dead bury their dead (so much for phantoms) and that whatever nobility there may be in the world is the attribute of workers (so much for phantasm). But a poet under the spell of communism must make the Spectre real to his readers. Kirstein doesn't quite do so, for the Spectre impels him to the brink of nihilism where the whole world seems populated by kidnaped murderers; and as is also natural nowadays, when the world-struggle is driving home, the Spectre induces a state of agitation that is spiritually as desperate as fascism is desperate socially.

The boyish hunt for *noblesse oblige* is to be thanked for passages where prosodic faults give way to promise of mastery, yet where nihilism sinks without quite a compensating rise to full communist philanthropy. His spleeny irritation with capitalist vulgarity has an unmistakable though perverse style which the positive expressions of desire for a socialist culture lack.

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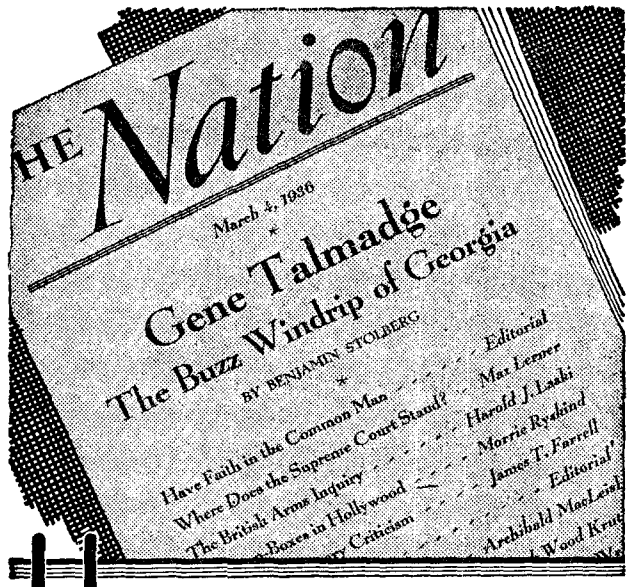

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An avowed comrade of Spender and Auden—even, alas, to their self-imposed obscurity—he says of the revolting proletariat, "I wish to join their corps and have no pass." His lament will call forth few cries of "Willow, willow!" although his closing lines ring with the metal of truth-telling:

> Brothers and lovers whom we may never
> Touch, see, hear, feel but sense only
> Your certain birth and tidal-rising—
> To you all power and subsequent glorious
> Reward of work as work's rewarding,
> All one can want for brother or for lover:
> The State achieved, the Peace prolonged.

There need not, should not, be identity between socialist prose and socialist poetry, but Kirstein's poetry has got to be closer to the prose than is this final verse, for the entire point of the prose consists in the conception that the Peace can be prolonged only with the achievement of the No State. Kirstein is as careless of political science as of prosody.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT.

Dance: A Short History of Classic Theatrical Dancing, by Lincoln Kirstein. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 369 pages, with 123 illustrations. $5.

ONLY IF the reader realizes that the dance as a complete theatrical art is as much alive today in America as anywhere in the world will he understand the force and point of Mr. Kirstein's enthusiasm and the actual value of his book. His book is not strictly a history of the sources and forms of the ballet but an episodic story—almost a fiction for practical use—with as much weight on the gossip and fate of individual dancers as on the cultural modes that produced the dances.

Thus his book leads in two directions from the energetic shifting center of his sensibility. It leads back, with the dance as a quickened focus of expression, and presides upon the general complex of religious and social history. If the view is tangential it is sharp; and if it is limited it is emphatic: a special underlining that freshens the rest. We have imagined history as architecture, music, poetry, dogma as well as invention, economics and war; Mr. Kirstein's book tacitly imagines history through the art of gesture. His early chapters cannot help concerning themselves with a series of points or focuses when human meaning seemed best represented in the freed discipline, the rigorous abandon of the dance: *e.g.*, in the rituals of Osiris, Dionysus, the Mass and the Dance of Death. Later chapters for later times, as the arts became more social in appeal and more secular in conception, exhibit the renaissance pageant, the *ballet de cour*, the *ballet comique*, the *opéra-ballet* and the romantic ballet of the nineteenth century. Here we have a perfection of technique with a degeneration of artistic purpose.

Then—and this is Mr. Kirstein's second direction—we are led into our own day. With the Russians of this century, and through the work of individuals elsewhere, the ballet reabsorbed its impetus with its tradition and the dance again became capable of expressing major emotion in a major form. In the confusion and sectarianism of the moment no one can say whether the capability will be enacted for our own time and our own emotions; but the vigor and intensity of Mr. Kirstein's conviction as reflected in his style, plus what he calls the "inflammability" of our epoch, and the beautiful work already done by the School of American Ballet (of which Mr. Kirstein is a director)

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Books in Brief

Gaudy Night, by Dorothy L. Sayers. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

I UNDERSTAND it is now considered respectable to read detective stories. Woodrow Wilson did it. Paul Elmer More does it. And how many more. Just the same, as a serious reader I should have felt a little embarrassed if I had been caught reading Dorothy Sayers' latest. If I had been, I should immediately have forestalled criticism by some such hypocrisy as: "You know, this book was reviewed very—ah—seriously by The London Times Literary Supplement." (I haven't seen the review, but I can imagine it.) "Gaudy Night" *was* written to be reviewed seriously. It's an apologia, implicit and explicit, for the murder story as art. The heroine of the tale has been publicly smirched (not her fault, of course; but her name has been dragged through the courts). She is also a writer of detectives stories —but good ones, you know. She is a little nervous about showing up for a reunion in her old Oxford college, but when she does, she finds they are all as proud of her as if she were an archeologist. Maybe a little prouder. I won't labor the point the way Dorothy Sayers does, but you can take it from me she makes it sufficiently explicit. The implicit apologia lies partly in the story (which tries to get you as excited, and in the same way, over a poison-pen mystery as if corpses were dropping all around like bird-lime), but mostly in the setting (which is profusely, not to say a little showily, Oxford-from-the-inside) and the characterization (which would not disgrace a good second-rate novel). Miss Sayers is probably pretty tired of being considered a hack writer when she's really tending a thankless muse. She'd rather have a little civility than all the rum and Havana cigars on board. Isn't it possible to write a murder story and have it taken seriously as literature? Well, there's always "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and "The Brothers Karamazov." But when it comes to Miss Sayers' kind, I'd rather take mine straight. Give me an Edgar Wallace. T. S. M.

The Agricultural Crisis: Is It a Temporary Crisis? by J. M. Goldstein. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock (A John Day Book). 268 pages. $4.

Twenty years ago one of the best known economic authorities of Tsarist Russia foresaw a dangerous collapse of world agriculture as a result of technical improvements, expanding productive areas, "overproduction" and shrinking markets. Today, confronted by the appalling fulfilment of his prediction, Dr. Goldstein returns to the subject in this highly statistical analysis of the agricultural crisis. He selects for detailed treatment four major nations: the United States, Argentina, Canada and Australia, giving a vast amount of factual material about all of them. His main thesis is that "As in the domain of industrial production, the agricultural crisis of today can never be overcome completely or for any considerable length of time by an artificial raising of prices." H. W.

The Solar System and Its Origin, by Henry Norris Russell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 144 pages, illustrated. $2.

There is much sound knowledge attractively presented in this little book by the director of the Princeton Observatory. The solar system is first considered with reference to its

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Is Capitalism Christian?

A serial discussion of the relation of religion to radicalism opens in the March issue of Common Sense *with a frank and striking article by*

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"EVER SINCE Karl Marx denounced religion as 'the opium of the people,'" says *Common Sense* in introducing Bishop McConnell's article, "there has been a strongly atheistic tendency among certain elements of the radical movement."

But in the past such profoundly religious people as "Edward Bellamy, the prophet of American radicalism, have played an immensely important part in radical thought and action," and "today religious leaders are in the forefront of the fight for a more just social order in America."

Following Bishop McConnell's discussion of the relation of Christian ideals to radical ideals, Jerome Davis will present a study of the churches' property stake in capitalism. And in the following articles other noted clergymen and lay writers will deal with the relation of the churches to the cooperative and labor and peace movements, the atheist complexion of Marxism, and the position of the Catholic Church.

OTHER FEATURES which help to stamp the March issue of Common Sense *as one of the most important ever published by an American radical journal include:*

Plutocracy or Cooperation, a hitherto unpublished article by *EDWARD BELLAMY*

Why Radicals Are Unpopular, *by BERTRAND RUSSELL*

Poor Little Rich Boy, a portrait of Hearst *by JOHN DOS PASSOS*

The American Legion (II) *by WALTER WILSON*

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effects. Physical and chemical properties come next: such things as radiation and temperature, density and pressures; composition of the planets and the sun—the earth being treated in greater detail and with special reference to the atomic structure of matter. A final chapter reviews a number of the theories dealing with the origin of the solar system. "We conclude," remarks Dr. Russell genially, "that no one can yet say how our system originated in detail, but we may reasonably regard its birth as the merest incident in a far vaster process. . . ." H. W.

Beany-Eye, by David Garnett. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

Beany-Eye was a handyman once in the employ of David Garnett's father. Periods of steady work followed by fits of rage had made this huge, pathetic creature a puzzle to neighbors as well as to his boss. The handyman's smell, his wistful stare, his laugh, which was more of a throat-sound than an expression, his suspicions and tempestuous violence—these are well sketched and convincing touches. Was it disease or village hostility that had cracked Beany-Eye's mind and made him an outcast? Was it suffering in childhood? This is a problem which the author hints at, but leaves unsolved. David Garnett writes with remarkable thrift and urbanity; one feels behind his work generations of literary culture. However, it must be remembered that queer characters, living on the fringe of society, stand out because of their own peculiarities, and are startling in themselves almost before they are set down in writing; and so "Beany-Eye" gathers its value less from depth, scope or newness than from its human quality and its style. F. V.

Contributors

CHARLES A. BEARD has written many books in the fields of history, political economy and international affairs. One of the most recent of these is "The Open Door at Home."

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS has published his collected poems and collected plays, the text of both being greatly revised from the text of earlier editions. His present series of articles in The New Republic will form a chapter of the "Autobiographies" on which he has long been working.

WILLIAM MARCH is the author of a novel, "Company K," and a volume of short stories, "Come in at the Door."

MARIE DE L. WELCH is the author of two books of verse, "Of a Feather" and "Poems."

L. C. DUNN, a professor of Zoölogy at Columbia University, is a practising geneticist, author of "Heredity and Variation" and co-author, with E. W. Sinnott, of "Principles of Genetics." He is editor of the magazine Genetics.

R. A. KOCHER, a practising physician in Carmel, California, was formerly an instructor in research medicine at the University of California and director of an institute for the treatment of nutritional disorders.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author, among other books, of "Why We Fought," an examination into the origins of the War.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT's latest poem, "Masque with Clowns," a political burlesque, is published by Poems for a Dime, 86 Leverett Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

R. P. BLACKMUR has published verse and criticism in various magazines. He recently edited the critical prefaces of Henry James for Scribner's.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of T. S. Matthews, Harold Ward and Frances Valensi.

SENATOR GERALD P. NYE
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MEETING
The Materials of Demagogy, a lecture by ROBERT DUNN, under the auspices of the League of American Writers. Chairman, JOHN L. SPIVAK. Monday, March 9th, at 8:30, at Hotel Delano, 108 West 43rd Street. Admission, 35c.

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